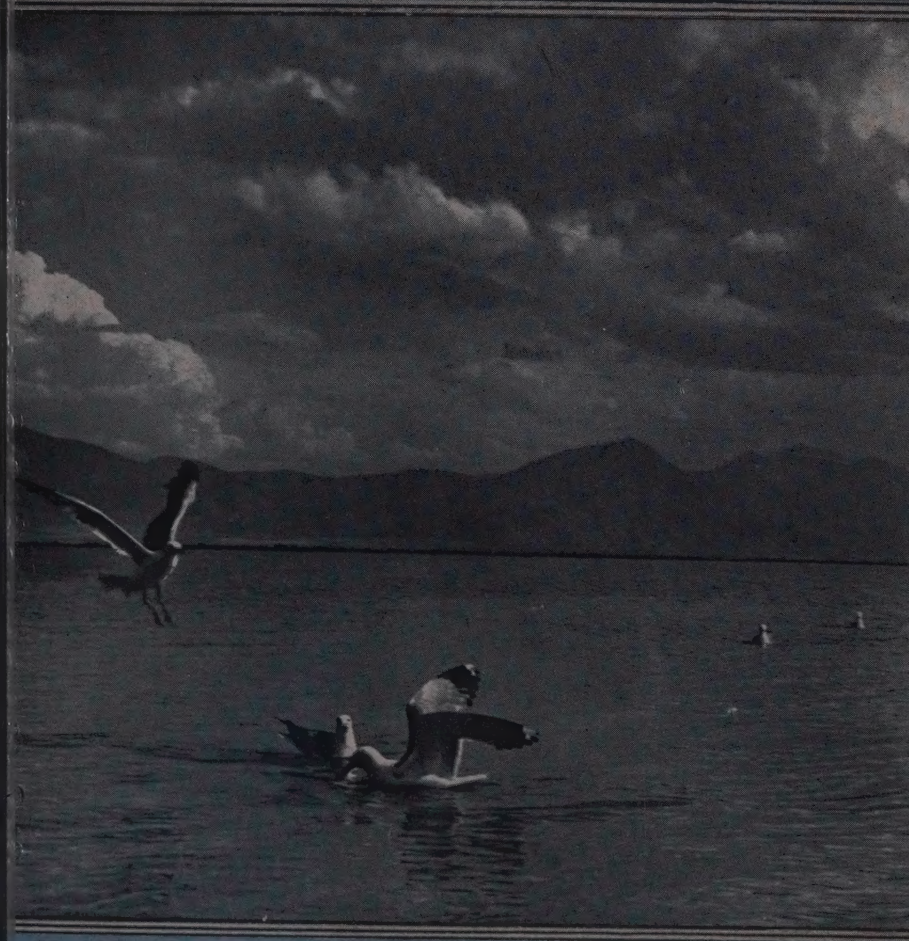
The Relief Society Magazine



31 NO. 10 Lessons for January OCTOBER 1944

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE
VOL. 31, NO. 10 OCTOBER 1944

SONG OF AMERICA

Elizabeth Burningham

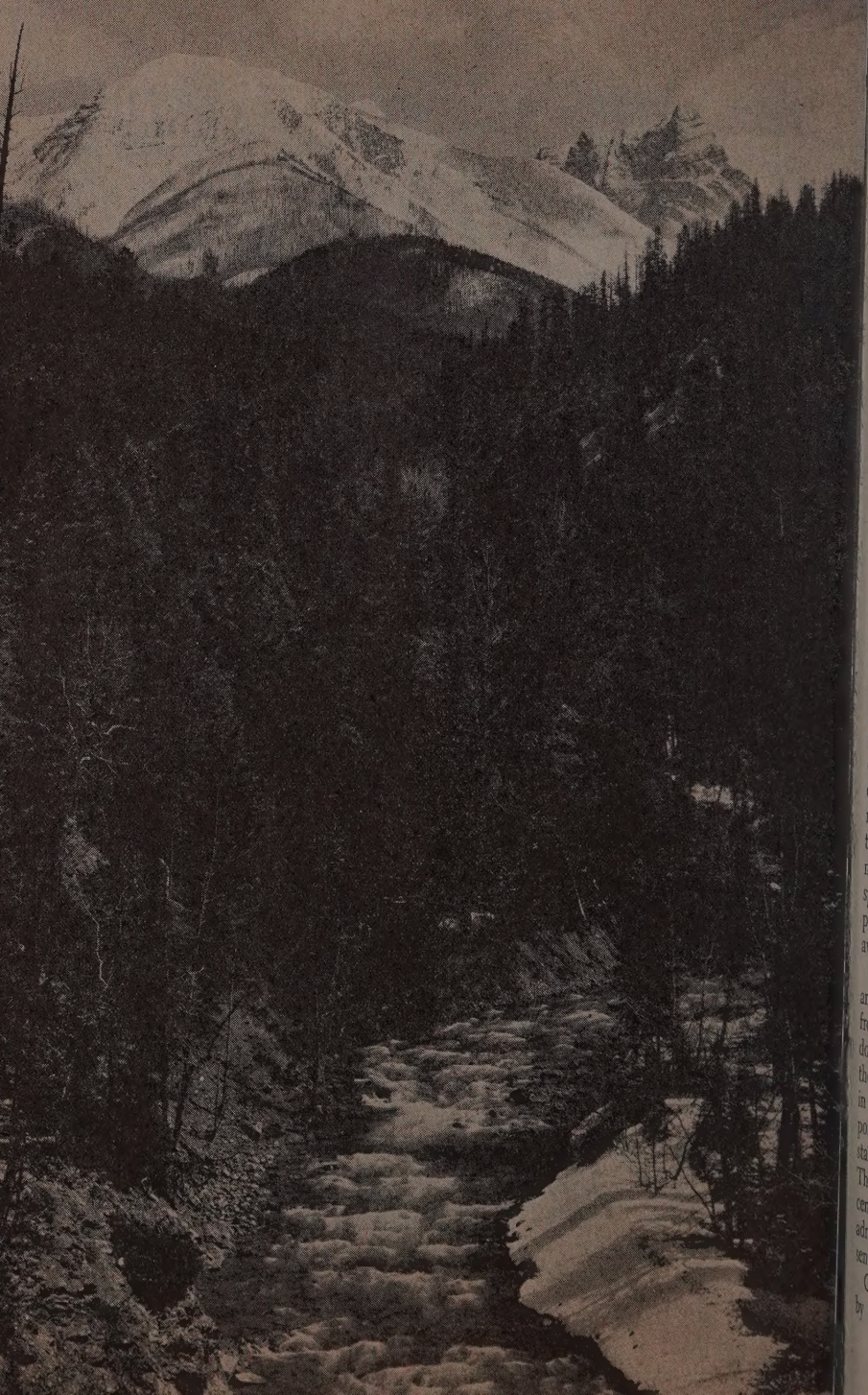
America! I sing of these:
Incredible cities of awesome heights,
Clangorous days and neoned nights,
Brine and beach, spindrift, tide,
Tipping sail. The spongy glide
Of marsh where tules run,
Of mountain snow, and valley sun.
Dry, clanging color of chasm'd rock
In spill of desert. The shock
Of a sudden virgin spot. Singing
Darkies through down of cotton swinging.
Palm and cedar, stretching pine,
Field and furrow, farm and vine.
Wind and green wave in corn and wheat,
Squares of orchard, strict and neat.

America! I sing of these:
The westward way of pioneers,
Step of progress across the years,
The pan and the mule, scented sage,
Indian's retreating rage;
Of derrick and crane and motor roar.
Giant snouts of steel that gore
Earth for metal. Spike and rail,
Sturdy wings through sun and gale.

America! I sing of these:
Shadowy crosses on a hill;
Dust on the rust of guns long still,
Gold stars, trees planted in memory,
All for the sake of liberty!
The washed-in souls from overseas,
The weary ones seeking surcease
From ragged schemes of rotted lords;
Civilizations suave and cruel. The hordes
We gulped with hardy insides,
We of soft hearts and tender hides.

But most of all I sing of these:
Of happy children at their play,
Peaceful hours at end of day,
Birthday cake, geranium on the sill,
Sunday supper, picnic on the hill,
A prayer at church, laughter on
Every street. A new wet lawn.
For these are the things that make each part.
Stitch. Seam. Sinew. Heart.
That make this land, Land Of The Free,
America, I sing of Thee!

The Cover: The cover picture, "Sea Gulls over Utah Lake" is from a photograph by Willard Luce.



Death and Sin

Elder Albert E. Bowen

Member of the Council of the Twelve

"AND as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" (John 9:1-2)

The very question seems to declare a prevailing notion that infirmity or affliction necessitates the conclusion that it is the result of sin.

Jesus with finality exploded that notion for he answered: "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." He proceeded to give point to his emphatic declaration by seizing the occasion both to manifest the works of God and to absolve the afflicted man of the imputation lurking in the question, for he anointed the man's eyes with clay moistened with spittle and bade him wash in the pool of Siloam, whence he came away seeing.

This is not to say that physical and mental affliction may not result from sin. It is well known that they do, which perhaps may account for the persistence of the notion implicit in the question of the disciples. The point is that such misfortune is not, standing alone, proof of wrongdoing. This should bring comfort to innocent sufferers and at the same time admonish observers of infirmity to sentiments of charity.

Closely akin to the idea nourished by the disciples, and of particular consequence under existing circumstances, is the disturbing question whether men who die in battle have by misdeeds forfeited the protection of providential care. It haunts the minds of conscientious, God-fearing mothers, wives, sweethearts. They wonder why, their loved ones being good, and engaged, as they believe, in a righteous cause, God did not protect them, or, since these have died, are they guilty of offense. Such dread questions can arise only from failure of right understanding.

If God forthwith smote down the evildoer, there would be no wicked left; if he preserved always the good, the righteous would never die. There would be little room left for the uncoerced play of freedom of choice if goodness were immediately and directly rewarded by immunity from trial and sorrow, and wrongdoing were discouraged by summary and condign punishment to the offender. That would present a condition but little removed from compulsion. That is not the process by which men develop their latent powers and grow in the strength of love of right. If every act were done under the immediate constraint of fear of direct consequences or certainty of escape from suffering, as the case might be, there would be no room for the exercise of faith or for trust in the ultimate triumph of good over evil in the hearts of men. The doer of good would be little removed from the

plane of the bribetaker, and refraining from evil would be on the level of cowering fear.

There has never been any promise to the righteous of immunity from privation, suffering, hardship, sorrow and death. All these things the Redeemer himself suffered, and the record tells us that he learned obedience through the things he suffered.

In his lofty admonition issued from the Mount, Jesus said, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you." And all this they should do that they might "be the children of your Father which is in heaven." That was the Father's course as Jesus reminded them "for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Thus the divine power rises high above the mean pettiness of capricious tyranny in its exercise. Every one recognizes its superiority.

"For," said he, "if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?

"And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

TO attain this status men must face evil and overcome it with good. They must rise to a higher plane than returning hate for hate and seeking reprisal against offenders. Reprisal invites retaliation which, in turn, induces payment again in kind, and so the evil spirals and weaves about those who indulge it an entangling web from which there is no escape save through rewarding evil with good.

Besides, the passageway from mortality into immortality is through death. All men must pass through it, even the faithful who are alive at the Lord's coming. "And he that liveth when the Lord shall come, and hath kept the faith, blessed is he; nevertheless, it is appointed to him to die at the age of man" (Doc. and Cov. 63:50).

In like manner Alma records: "but it was appointed unto men that they must die; and after death, they must come to judgment, even that same judgment of which we have spoken, which is the end" (Alma 12:27).

And Nephi writes: "For as death hath passed upon all men, to fulfill the merciful plan of the great Creator, there must needs be a power of resurrection, and the resurrection must needs come unto man by reason of the fall; . . .

"Wherefore it must needs be an infinite atonement—save it should be an infinite atonement this corruption could not put on incorruption" . . . (2 Nephi 9:6-7).

Paul instructed the Corinthians: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (I Cor. 15:53).

That all must die we know from the unbroken experience of the race. What we do not know is the time and circumstances of its coming. From the scripture we learn that it is not an unmixed evil, but marks a stage in the course of life, perchance opening the way to a rich-

er, fuller living than could be known in mortality.

The time of death and the means of it would seem not to be of primary importance. The spiritual state of preparedness for it when it comes is all-important. The Lord has said: "And it shall come to pass that those that die in me shall not taste of death, for it shall be sweet unto them" (Doc. and Cov. 42:46).

This last quoted statement comes from a Section largely devoted to general admonition with promises for conformance. But it makes very clear that there are times when death may not be averted, for the Lord counsels respecting the sick: "And again, it shall come to pass that he that hath faith in me to be healed, *and is not appointed unto death,* shall be healed" (Doc. and Cov. 42:48).

Thus it is evident that the righteous as well as the wicked must die. When the time for that change comes even faith may not avert it. This is not to say that men may not die before an appointed time nor that death is to be sought for. Obviously, by violating the laws of health or even by his own hand man may hasten death. But it does not follow that because a man dies it is the result of his sin. There is no more reason for supposing that death on the field of battle is evidence of individual misdeeds than if death resulted from any manner of illness or from so-called natural causes.

The soldier on the field of battle is there under command or compulsion. If he dies prematurely no fault can attach to him. That responsibility rests with the instigators of the conflict. He may be as clean and as worthy and as well prepared to die as those who die from other causes, in which event his loved ones have the consoling assurance of God himself that death "shall be sweet to him." As Paul stated it: "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory" (I Cor. 15:54).

MAGIC IN MEMORY

Courtney E. Cottam

There is magic in memory, glorious, precious;
Wind in the eaves when dark clouds hang low;
A song clearly heard on a cold, crystal evening—
The snap of a twig, overburdened with snow.

There is magic in memory, comforting, deathless,
Bringing you back to my hungering heart;
Knowing my loved one will live on forever,
And though we are parted, we are not apart.

Toward Richer Living

Dr. Franklin S. Harris

President, Brigham Young University

SOMEONE has said that the place in which a person finds himself is much less significant than the direction and rate at which he is traveling. This might be applied to the state of his wealth, the condition of his health, the amount of his education, or to his social status. A person of abundant means who is losing his wealth is less to be envied than one not having so much who has a certain means of improving his lot. A person with poor health who has discovered the source of his trouble and has the means of restoring himself to vigor, is in a better condition than a person with relatively better health who develops a disease that will gradually undermine his physical stamina.

These applications to individuals might also be made to society as a whole. It is tremendously important, therefore, to know the direction in which our civilization is moving and the rate at which it will probably travel.

The opinions of students of these subjects are far from harmonious. Some are sure that the world is going to pieces. They frequently center their pessimism on the young people who, they say, are headed right "for the dogs." Others with more optimism see only good in the world. They discount what they call the exceptional case of delinquency, and they are willing to overlook almost any infringement on good decorum in their desire to be tolerant. These divergent points of view have throughout all of recorded history led to debates on the question of whether the world is getting better or worse.

The present article does not presume to settle this age-old question, for which there is, in reality, no single, simple answer. It does, however, hope to point out some of the ways in which the lives of all of us are being enriched, to the extent that very satisfying living may be achieved, in spite of the fact that there are in the world conditions we should like to change. In fact, our efforts to improve these undesirable conditions may add to the worthwhile satisfactions of our lives.

Certainly, there can be no doubt as to the desirability of rich living, in spite of such oft-repeated sayings as "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." The Savior himself said that he came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. A Book of Mormon prophet tells us that men are that they might have joy. One of the most fundamental principles of Latter-day Saint philosophy is the idea that progression is one of the chief aims of living. We believe this principle to extend beyond the limits of this life into the eternities, so that if a person continues diligently and intelligently to improve himself throughout time and eternity, he may eventually reach a very high state of exaltation.

With these fundamental principles in mind, let us take a look at the world in which we find ourselves, to see if we can discover its direction of travel, and also to make some personal decisions regarding our course in the journey of life.

One observation that is very plain to all who are familiar with the history of the race is that people in all lands are gradually becoming more conscious of the social point of view. In that very early chapter of human history, Cain asked the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" in a tone that indicated that he did not consider himself to have that role. During most of the period of known history, people have not felt great responsibility for others who were less fortunate than themselves. Poverty, ignorance, and disease were considered to be largely the concern of the individual who happened to be afflicted by them. Even though Christ extolled the good neighbor, and Mohammed placed the giving of alms as one of his four cardinal principles, and, even though there have always been helpful hands for the unfortunate, this aid was more or less haphazard and often did more harm than good.

In Persia, which is a Mohammedan country, I traveled frequently with a general who was a member of the Shalis cabinet. It was his custom each day to give two tomans (about a dollar) to the first beggar who accosted him. This finished his giving for the day. His religious duty was discharged and his conscience was clear. The fact that the person he gave to was not necessarily the most needy or that the money he gave may have done no real good, did not enter the picture. His religion told him to give alms; he gave alms, and that was all there was about it.

The modern social point of view and, particularly, the idea behind the Church Welfare Plan have quite different motives. They have adopted the principle that no needy person who is willing to work shall go hungry or cold as long as others have something to share. Along with this direct giving, however, goes the principle that the individual shall become self-sustaining at the earliest possible time.

The modern social point of view brings within its scope not only food and shelter, but also the elimination of ignorance and disease.

IT is very unfortunate that social progress has, in some cases, become involved with partisan politics. A party, in order to gain popular support, may have tied up with its platform the promise of unusual benefits on the one hand, or of economies of public expenditures on the other, so that the scientific and proper solution of the problem of human needs may be entirely missed—and the whole question of social progress greatly retarded. The sooner these welfare programs are divorced from partisan politics the better for all concerned.

Those who love their fellow men cannot help but find comfort in the trends of the day which give opportunity for employment, education, and cultural advantages to all who seek them, regardless of any misfortune by which they or their parents might have been overtaken. We should see that these desirable social trends be kept within proper bounds so they will not suffer the reaction

which always follows unwarranted extremes.

The advances obtained during the past generation by science and technology make available to even the family of modest income physical comforts and luxuries that could not be enjoyed even by kings two generations ago. On visiting many of the royal palaces of the Old World I have frequently been impressed by the fact that the wealthy monarchs of earlier times could not have the comforts in heating, lighting, and plumbing, that the tradesman of our day expects as a matter of course. The attempt of the wealthy of former days to increase their comforts required that they maintain a retinue of servants. These could only imperfectly supply what a few cents worth of electricity and running water make available in every modern home.

The use of many serving people inevitably leads to marked class distinctions. This condition is still found in the Orient where modern conveniences have not yet been developed. Social standing is often measured by the number of servants, and those who aspire to the esteem of their fellows refrain from doing manual labor since, in doing it, they lose caste. In Persia, I was constantly annoyed by having so many servants assigned to do the little tasks in my official work which I should have preferred to do for myself, if custom had permitted.

Fortunately, in the modern world, the tendency is away from personal service and toward professional help. We let machines do our physical work and we employ experts such as doctors, dentists, lawyers, engineers, artists, and musicians to give specialized service. This trend is highly desirable since it promotes a higher standard of living.

Just think what riches are now available to all who have the desire and capacity to enjoy them! Take, for example, the field of music. The radio, phonographic recordings, and the opportunities to hear artists directly make available to practically everyone the finest music of all the world's great composers. Even the rancher, isolated in the most remote part of the country, may, by spending only a few dollars, have the means of tuning in to the greatest musical programs of the world. What richness of living is made possible by this combination of favorable circumstances that has developed in the modern world.

In like manner, the culture of the past and the present in every field is within the reach of all, even though everyone is not prepared to take advantage of all of these good things. A certain background must be developed to insure adequate appreciation, but the education necessary for this can be had by anyone with ambition and capacity.

The mechanical developments of the modern world mean that in agriculture, in manufacturing, and in transportation, only part of the energies of people will be required to satisfy human physical needs. This will give more leisure time for the refinements and enrichments that make life more worth living.

Improvements in health resulting from the newer knowledge of nutrition, from more effective medicines, and from more consistent and temperate habits, make for much richer living, not only through the economies resulting from lessened sick-

ness, but also from the greater zest which follows good health.

The opportunity which is going to be available for increased travel in the world of the future will do much to add to people's enjoyment. Different countries make varying contributions through their arts and crafts. With more travel and improved transportation, the good things of each land become available to the people of other countries. All these resources make for more colorful and interesting living. The rugs of Persia, the silks of China, the linen of Ireland, the art of France, the music of Italy, the silverware of Mexico, the leather work of Spain are but a few of the fine things we can secure from our sister nations.

Scientific discoveries, mechanical improvements, books, art, and music are not, in themselves, any guarantee of better living or a more advanced society. The key to their value is in the hand of the individual. The human equation is the one to be solved. The good life and rich living cannot be crammed down the throat of the person who has no desire for them. The individual without character or constructive desires will not benefit by his opportunities. Certain spiritual resources must go with the material if complete living is to be realized. If all these things are kept in mind, however, there is little doubt that the trend of the times is toward richer living for all who have the ambition, the capacity, the character, and the humility to take advantage of what the modern world has to offer. Latter-day Saints should be the first to avail themselves of these good things.

OCTOBER

Leone E. McCune

Extravagant fellow, is gay October
Striding over the countryside,
His pockets bulging with silver and gold—
He scatters their contents far and wide.

Flinging his gold in the cornfield,
On the pumpkin and poplar tree,
On the marigolds by the garden wall,
And wherever the eye can see.

He tosses silver into the stars,
Into miniature lakes in the hollow,
Into the frost at early dawn,
On winging birds in the fallow.

Basking in his golden sun
This dream of wealth I'll borrow,
Lend comfort to my chilling heart
When snow falls on the morrow.

Rheumatic Heart Disease

Frederic M. Kriete, M.D.

Consultant in Pediatrics, Utah State Department of Health

[Editor's Note: This article is reprinted with the kind permission of the Utah State Department of Health from an article "Rheumatic Heart Disease in Utah" which appeared in *Your Health*, monthly periodical of the Utah State Department of Health, April 1944.]

The Problem

IN 1943 an epidemic of infantile paralysis killed 22 people under the age of 25. This most unusual occurrence provoked tremendous public excitement and sympathy, and facilitated the collection of large sums of money to be used in combating the disease. In the same year rheumatic heart disease killed almost 50 young people in the same age group, and perhaps 200 more older individuals. This was not an unusual thing, as approximately the same number of victims are claimed every year; yet it provoked no public comment, no demands for action, no drives for funds . . .

How does it happen that a disease like infantile paralysis attracts so much attention, while rheumatic heart disease, which kills and cripples from ten to twenty times as many people each year, goes along year after year with very little interference? A comparison of the two diseases may throw some light on this question. When poliomyelitis strikes hard enough to cause any damage, the effect is immediately apparent. The individual is obviously sick, and the evil effects, whether they result in crippling or death, are soon clearly visible. On the contrary, rheumatic heart disease, in most cases, probably has a very insidious onset, with symptoms so slight as to be unnoticed or disregarded by those who see the child; and it may take anywhere from a few weeks to a few years before someone discovers that the heart has been severely damaged. Few deaths occur in the beginning; in many cases a number of years intervene before the accumulated insults result in failure of the heart. Adults die of injury which was inflicted, and which might have been prevented, in childhood. An attack of infantile paralysis so mild as not to result in crippling within a week or two will not only leave the child without harmful effects, but will protect him against any future attacks; whereas, an attack of so-called rheumatic fever, so mild as to arouse no concern, will not only result in damage to the heart, but will make the child more susceptible to future attacks. The crippling which results from infantile paralysis is usually obvious, and of a type which arouses sympathy in all who observe the unfortunate victim; whereas, a cardiac cripple, unable to proceed down the street at a gait faster than a leisurely walk, will be unnoticed because he wears no brace, carries no crutches, and does not limp.

Case Finding

The first essential in attempting

to reduce mortality from this disease is to find the cases. It is not enough to recognize the children who become sick with classical acute rheumatic fever, and who show the obvious findings of fever—red, tender swollen joints, skin rashes, and nodules; or the children acutely ill with dilated hearts, pericardial friction rubs, and signs of failure; or the children with St. Vitus' Dance. Parents and physicians should be on the alert for children with more vague complaints of poor appetite, failure to grow normally, pallor, elevated pulse rate, and so-called "growing pains." Such symptoms should call for very careful examination, supplemented by such time-tested laboratory procedures as sedimentation rates and X-ray studies. A sedimentation rate should be as much of a standard office procedure as a urinalysis or blood count; indeed, it takes less time than either, requires the simplest apparatus, and gives invaluable information in following a case of rheumatic heart disease. Where there is a family history of the disease, it is particularly imperative to be on the alert, and to cultivate an attitude of suspicion towards the mildest complaints.

In the past, it may be that too much attention has been directed to the heart, and too little to the whole child. The presence of a heart murmur does not necessarily mean heart disease; nor does the absence of a murmur rule it out. Even in those cases where it is definitely known that the murmur heard is the result of an attack of rheumatic fever at some time in the past, it gives little or no information as to the current status of the rheumatic infection, whether it is active or quiescent. A stop sign at a railroad crossing does not necessarily mean that a train is coming along in the next two minutes, but it does indicate the advisability of looking up and down the track; and a heart murmur should have the same significance.

Treatment

The second point of attack is proper treatment of the disease. The most important measure available at present—the fundamental measure—is rest in bed. This has been known for a long time, but it has not generally been realized just how long such periods of bed rest must continue. It is not enough to keep the child at rest until the pain is gone, or until the temperature is normal, or until he feels well; it is necessary to keep him at absolute bed rest—and this means lying down—until *all* evidence of rheumatic infection has disappeared, as determined not only by his appearance, pulse rate, appetite, and physical findings, but by the return of the sedimentation rate to normal. This usually requires on the average closer to six months than six weeks, and often longer; and will be followed by a long period of gradually increasing activity before the child is able to resume his normal manner of life. Allowing a child to get out of bed and return to school while there is any evidence, no matter how mild, of rheumatic activity is simply to invite a flare-up of the smouldering disease process. Where can this bed rest be given? In the home? Ask any mother how easy she thinks it would be to keep her active eight-year-old son flat in bed for six months. In the hospital? Ask any hospital administrator how many

beds he can afford to tie up for six months—particularly in these days. Ask the children who are there, exposed to cross infections, with no provision for entertainment or education, spending their time watching other luckier children with appendicitis or pneumonia go home after ten days. Neither of these is satisfactory. The proper treatment of rheumatic heart disease requires ideally a special type of institution, preferably with facilities for both the acute and convalescent cases, with ample provision for continuing their education and maintaining their morale. As a step in this direction, some communities are fortunate enough to possess convalescent hospitals, which can furnish care for children with a wide variety of crippling conditions, including those with rheumatic heart disease and infantile paralysis. . .

Prevention

Finally, there is the matter of prevention. It is unfortunate that we do not possess any vaccine which protects against the disease, such as we have to protect us against diphtheria, smallpox, and other plagues. We do know, however, that a rheumatic child will have fewer recurrences if he lives in clean, hygienic surroundings, receives a complete and well-balanced diet, and is protected against infections, particularly against those caused by the hemolytic streptococcus. The prophylactic use of salicylates and sulfonamides is now being tested, but their proponents have not yet advocated their general use. Parenthetically, it should be pointed out that all authorities on the subject are unanimous in their condemnation of the use of sulfonamide drugs in the acute or active stages of the disease.

DEPOT

Ora Lee Parthesius

In shapeless, dark felt hat
And faded coat—when did
One wear a style like that?
She stood, nonentity,
Beneath the station clock
And twisted nervously
Bare, knobby hands, the strain
Of waiting on her face—
Burned red with sun. The train
Was coming in. I saw
The tall young sergeant run
Into her arms. In awe
I watched a miracle—
A "mom" grow beautiful.

The New Turkey

Dr. Leland Hargrave Creer

Head of the Department of History and Political Science, University of Utah

[This is the fifth in a series of articles by Dr. Creer on the historical backgrounds of some of the countries involved in the present war.—Ed.]

AT the beginning of the twentieth century, the Ottoman Empire still blocked the eastern end of the Mediterranean, enveloping it wholly from the Black Sea and the Dardanelles to the Red Sea and the Nile Delta—a great sprawling colossus sometimes derisively referred to as the "Sick Man of Europe." And indeed a very sick man he was, and yet, within a decade after the close of World War I, when through the Treaty of Sevres the victorious Allies had planned to all but destroy this once grandiose Empire, the "Sick Man" revived and, under the leadership of one Mustapha Kemal Pasha, reasserted himself through one of the most remarkable nationalistic revolutions of all time. As a result, the new postwar Turkey has become a nation as vigorous and progressive as its parent was feeble and reactionary, a country as compact and homogeneous as its progenitor was unwieldy and composite.

The original Ottoman Turks were one of the Central Asian hordes. They eventually anchored themselves in Anatolia at the close of the thirteenth century. The tribe took its name from one, Orthman, who succeeded Ertogrul in 1288. The latter had founded the nucleus of the kingdom in the plain stretching between Brusa and Nicaea in the northwestern corner of Asia Minor. The first capital was Yemshebr. For more than two centuries thereafter, the successors of Ertogrul and Orthman subjugated the remains of the Byzantine Empire and absorbed in the process the Arab lands of Syria, Egypt, Iraq, and North Africa. In 1366, the conquest of the Balkan Peninsula was begun. Eastern Macedonia was conquered in 1372; Sofia, capital of Bulgaria, was taken in 1385. On June 15, 1389, one of the most fateful battles in the history of the Near East was fought on the historic plain of Kossovo in modern Yugoslavia. Here the Turks overwhelmed the armies of the Slavic Confederacy and Serbia, as an independent state, was blotted out. For five hundred years the Serbs never rallied. Many of them took refuge in the mountains of Montenegro and there, throughout this benighted period, maintained a brave but hopeless fight for freedom. Others migrated to Bosnia and Hungary.

Beginning in 1397, the Ottomans turned their attention to Greece. Thessaly, Phocis, Locris, part of Epirus and southern Albania were quickly conquered. Athens and Salonica alone of the important Greek cities remained for a few decades longer in Christian hands. In 1440, at the battle of Varna and lat-

—Drawing by Evan Jensen

TURKEY

er, in 1448, at the second battle of Kossovo, the Turks drove the Hungarians out of the Balkans and, on May 29, 1453, carried by assault the great city of Constantinople. This latter event ended the existence of the last surviving remnant of the once glorious Roman Empire. In 1459, Serbia was annexed outright to the Ottoman Empire; Bosnia shared a like fate earlier in 1453; and Herzegovina in 1465. In 1471, the last Seljukian principality, Karamania, was added. In 1475, the Turks, by conquering Azov and the Crimea, acquired complete control of both shores of the Black Sea.

In 1512, a three years' war with the Shah Ismail of Persia resulted in the acquisition of Mesopotamia. Egypt, Syria, and Arabia were successively conquered during the first two decades of the sixteenth century. These conquests led to the transferal of the caliphate to the sultan, who henceforth became the protector of the holy places of Islam and Christendom, and the spiritual head of Mohammedanism throughout the world.

In 1522, the important island of Rhodes in the Dodecanese fell, and the Knights Hospitalers were forced to flee to Crete, later, in 1530, to

found a permanent home on the island of Malta. Hungary and Transylvania were conquered in 1541. In 1529, Suleiman the Magnificent, greatest of Turkish sultans, with 250,000 men and 300 guns attempted to besiege Vienna. In view of the menace to Christendom, Protestants and Catholics alike prepared to defend the Austrian capital. After a siege of twenty-four days, Suleiman was forced to withdraw. Unsuccessful attempts to capture the city were made again in 1532, 1541, and 1566. The year 1529 was a crucial one for the Moslems, for it witnessed the termination of their victorious advance in Europe. Of similar importance was the great naval battle of Lepanto, off the western coast of Greece, in 1571. In this engagement the Turks were defeated by a combination of Christian states which included Spain, Tuscany, Parma, Lucca, Venice, Genoa, and the Papacy. This crucial victory proved that the Turks were no longer invincible. Henceforth their political power and prestige rapidly declined.

Many factors had contributed to the phenomenal rise of the Ottomans and the rapid extension of their empire. Among these may be mentioned:

(1) the hopeless decrepitude of the Byzantine Empire; (2) the customary lack of cohesion among the Slavic peoples; (3) the jealousies and antagonisms of the Western Powers, particularly during the sixteenth century; (4) the Babylonian captivity at Avignon and the subsequent schism of the Papacy; (5) the military prowess and shrewd statesmanship of Suleiman the Magnificent; and (6) the splendid organization and discipline of the Turkish Army during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and part of the seventeenth centuries.

IN 1699, through the Treaty of Carlowitz, the Turks suffered their first major territorial loss when they were forced to cede to the Hapsburg emperor the rich province of Transylvania and the whole of Hungary, except the Banat of Temesvar. About the same time (1696), Peter the Great invaded the Crimea and captured the fortress of Azov. This was the first appearance of Russia in the Black Sea region. It was just the beginning, however, of a series of intrigues which were to make Russia the most deadly enemy of the Turks. Russia's advance toward the Black Sea was assiduously fostered by Catherine the Great. By the Treaties of Kutschuk-kainardji (1774) and Jassy (1792), the Porte was forced to acknowledge the cession of the entire Crimea to Russia, and to accept the role of Russia as special protector of Christian subjects residing within the Turkish Empire.

During the nineteenth century, the rapid disintegration of the polyglot Turkish Empire was the direct result of the resurgence of nationalism which, in turn, had found its origin in French Revolutionary influences and in the vigorous opposition everywhere expressed toward the reactionary Metternich regime. Thus, in 1831, Greece won its independence and the Serbs acquired political autonomy. By the Treaty of Berlin (1878) the independence of Serbia, Rumania, and Montenegro was confirmed, and autonomy granted to the provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria, the latter under Russian protection. The Turks lost Algeria (1847), Tunis (1881), and

Morocco (1912) to France; Tripoli (1911) to Italy; and Egypt (1881) to England. In 1908, Bulgaria became independent, while Bosnia and Herzegovina were ceded to Austria. As a result of the Balkan Wars (1912-1913), the Turks gave Crete to Greece, acknowledged the newly created state of Albania, and surrendered Macedonia, her only remaining Balkan territory, to Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria. As a result of these losses, the European possessions of Turkey had been reduced to a small strip of territory drawn within a boundary extending from Media on the Black Sea to Enos at the mouth of the Maritza on the Aegean, and including only 10,882 square miles, an area equivalent in size to that of the State of Maryland.

Then came World War I (1914-1918). Making common cause with Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria, against England, France, and Russia, largely because of fear of the pincer implications of an Anglo-Russian alliance, the Turks abolished the hated foreign-imposed rights of extra-territoriality with a sweeping gesture of defiance, and proclaimed a holy war against the enemies of Germany. But the Turkish armies were defeated, a humiliating armistice was signed at Mudros, and the discredited Young Turk leaders fled the country.

An analysis of the factors contributing to the disruption of the Turkish Empire reveal the following as among the most important:

(1) the lack of any constructive program of economic and social welfare, hence the masses of the peasantry remained apathetic and passively discontented; (2) the decadence in efficiency and prestige of the Janissaries, corps d'elite of the Turkish army; (3) deterioration of the personnel of the sultanate (for example, there were twelve successions to the throne in the seventeenth century as compared with six in the sixteenth, and of the former, three were dethroned and one murdured—"Until the accession of the Keuprilis in 1653, the internal history of the empire is one monotonous vista of anarchy and decay."); (4) lack of education; (5) inability of the administration to assimilate the various non-national minorities; (6) the absence of democratic institutions; (7) the vigorous reaction of the non-Turkish minorities toward the Young Turks' policy of Ottomanization, or racial absorption; (8) the application of a militant form of nationalism in Europe during the nineteenth century which, among other things, accelerated the disruption of non-national empires; and (9) the diplomatic equipoise among the Great Powers which kept alive Turkey, even as the "Sick Man of Europe."

Had the Turkish Parliament ratified the Treaty of Sevres, as the latter was drawn up by the Allies and signed on August 10, 1920 by representatives of the discredited Sultan Mohammed VI, the once resplendent Ottoman Empire would have been reduced to an insignificant region of desert and mountains tucked away in Asia Minor. However, despite the fact that Sultan Mohammed VI, overawed by the Allied ships and forces at Constantinople, had agreed to ratify the document, an energetic group of Nationalists, led by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, thought otherwise and determined to prevent ratification. Thus was begun the second great renaissance in modern Turkey, a revolution which was destined to transform that decadent state into one of the most progressive and forward looking countries in all Europe.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA had proved himself to be one of Turkey's best generals in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913. During World War I, he played a conspicuous part in the defeat of the Allies at Gallipoli in 1915. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that Kemal was deeply chagrined when the Allies successfully imposed on Turkey the Armistice of Mudros (October 1918), and that, in retaliation, he gathered about him in central Anatolia the nucleus of a new party, the Turkish Nationalists, who planned at once the resuscitation of their national homeland. In July 1919, accordingly, a Nationalist Congress was called at Erzerum to consider party policy. Later, on January 28, 1920, a second Congress was called at Constantinople. This body adopted a statement of principles since known as the Turkish National Pact. However, the Allies had no intention of permitting the Nationalists to proceed with their plans. Accordingly, on March 15, 1920, an Allied army commanded by the British General Milne marched into Constantinople, proclaimed martial law, arrested as many Nationalist representatives as could be found and shipped some forty of them to Malta. Most of the Nationalists who had escaped arrest, including Kemal, repaired to the city of Ankara, there to set up a rump parliament under the name of the Grand National Assembly. When the sultan now convened another parliament at Constantinople, the country had two governing bodies: one subordinate to the sultan and maintained by Allied troops; the other supported by the National sentiment of the Turkish people and protected by the desert and mountains separating Ankara from Constantinople and the Allied forces.

The defiant Ankaran Assembly, on April 23, 1920, elected Mustapha Kemal Pasha as its president as well as commander in chief of the Nationalist Army. Not quite a year later, on January 21, 1921, this same body proclaimed Turkey a republic, and adopted a constitution which provided for responsible government.

Meanwhile three Greek armies, with some British naval support, had driven the Nationalists out of Thrace and pushed eastward into Anatolia as far as Ushaq. British support was soon withdrawn, however, when it was learned that the French and the Italians had no intention of enforcing by arms the unpopular Treaty of Sevres which had allotted Smyrna and the Ionian hinterland to the Greeks. Despite this setback, the Greeks opened up a new offensive which enabled them to reach the Sakharia River, only fifty miles from Ankara, before the end of August 1921. Then the drive was spent and the Greeks were unable to make any further advance. From August 24 until September 16, the ill-equipped but inspired Turks, under the brilliant leadership of Mustapha Kemal, won the battle of Sakharia, and then began a counter-offensive which not only cleared the Greeks from the Ionian coastland, but threatened the reconquest of eastern Thrace and much of the former Turkish territory in the Balkan Peninsula. This change of fortune led to the armistice urged by the British and signed at Mudania

and later to the Treaty of Lausanne (July 24, 1923). Under the terms of this treaty, Turkey recovered all eastern Thrace as far west as the Maritza River, including the city of Adrianople (now Edirne). In addition, she was permitted to recover the bridgehead and railroad center on the west bank of the Maritza at Karagach. Constantinople was restored as an integral part of the Turkish state, but the Zone of the Straits was demilitarized and opened to the ships of all nations, no matter what their cargo, in times of peace and when Turkey was neutral in times of war. In the event of Turkey's belligerency, enemy vessels might be kept out of the Straits, but not those of neutral countries. In the Aegean Sea, Turkey retained Imbros, Tenedos, and the Rabbit Islands, while Dodecanesia and Rhodes were ceded to Italy. Most of the remaining Aegean Islands went to Greece. Turkey gave up all claims to Libya, Egypt, Sudan, Palestine, Iraq, Syria, and the Arabian kingdoms, and recognized the British annexation of Cyprus. The unpopular rights of extra-territoriality were abolished, foreign control of customs was lifted, and no restrictions were placed on Turkey's military, naval, and air forces. A supplementary Graeco-Turkish Convention provided for the compulsory exchange of Turkish subjects in Greece for Greek subjects in Turkey; and another stipulated the demilitarization of the Graeco-Bulgarian-Turkish frontier in eastern Thrace. As a result of her successful war with the Greeks, the Turks were able to force the Allies to abrogate the hated and unpopular Treaty of Sevres and to accede to their claims as drawn in the popular Treaty of Lausanne. Turkey was left with an area of about 295,000 square miles, the size of Texas and South Carolina combined, and with a population (1923) of about 13,000,000.

PURSUANT to the terms of the Lausanne Treaty, the Turkish Nationalists began at once their program of expatriation. This involved the exchange of some 1,000,000 Greeks living in Ionia for some 400,000 Turks living in Greece. The actual process of this exchange involved untold suffering. It frequently was difficult to decide whether a family should be considered Turkish or Greek, particularly when the original migrations had taken place a century or more ago. Fraud and corruption were common, and official carelessness often resulted in the transplanting of mountaineers onto plains or the transference of plainsmen and farmers to the mountains.

Under the brilliant leadership of President Mustapha Kemal Pasha (1923-1938), the following marked social and religious innovations of far-reaching significance were introduced:

(1) the abolition of the sultanate; (2) the abolition of the Turkish caliphate (spiritual leadership of the Mohammedan world); (3) the abolition of Mohammedanism as the state religion of Turkey; (4) recognition of freedom of religion; (5) modification along Occidental lines of the Mohammedan ritual; (6) the enactment of a series of laws relating to the position of women, such as the abolition of polygamy, recognition of divorce, required civil marriages, abolition of the Oriental custom of wearing the veil, and the political emancipation of women; (7)

the abolition of capitulations or the rights of extra-territoriality; (8) the adoption of civil, penal, and commercial law codes based on those of Switzerland, Italy, and Germany respectively; (9) compulsory school attendance for those between the ages of seven and sixteen with the result that illiteracy has declined from eighty-five per cent to forty-two per cent; (11) the adoption of the Latin alphabet—newspapers were ordered to abandon the old Arabic type and the publication of books printed in Arabic characters was strictly forbidden; (12) required teaching of the Turkish language in the new Latin script for all Turks under the age of forty—certifications of literacy were demanded from all those who aspired to citizenship; (13) the publication of an official dictionary containing 24,000 words, strictly Turkish in origin; (14) prohibition of the teaching of religion in public or private elementary schools; (15) the equipment of local community centers, called Halkevis, as centers of cultural propaganda; (16) the adoption of the metric system; (17) the compulsory adoption of surnames (thus in 1934 Mustapha Kemal Pasha became Ataturk by vote of the Grand National Assembly—a name meaning "Father of the Turks" and Ataturk in turn chose the surname of Inonu for Ismet Pasha, to commemorate his victories in the Turkish War of Independence); and finally, (18) as a definite "symbol of intellectual liberation," the abolition of the wearing the fez or turban, the distinguishing mark of pious Moslems.

Before the advent of the Nationalist revolution, relatively few Turks concerned themselves with trade, commerce, and industry. The masses generally preferred to labor in the fields. Hence business affairs became a monopoly of the other racial groups within the empire, particularly the Greeks, Jews, and Armenians. But the Turkish Nationalists are determined to limit capital, labor, production, and ownership as far as possible to native Turks. As a result, through government aid and encouragement, a commercial middle class has arisen, the nucleus of which is a group of Turkish refugees from Greece. Commercial treaties have been signed with Russia, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States. In 1929, the National Assembly voted a huge appropriation for a twelve-year consolidated public-works program, including railway, port, irrigation, reclamation, and highway construction projects. Infant industries have been stimulated through a protective tariff system. These include textile factories, cotton gins, sugar refineries, and sawmills. Within three years after the inauguration of this program, the value of Turkish manufactures increased from $20,000,000 to $50,000,000. Leading Turkish exports include tobacco, fruits, cereals and cotton, with increasing amounts of mineral products, including chrome ore, zinc, coal, copper, antimony and petroleum. There has been a tendency in Turkey, in the interests of efficiency, to establish state control over a number of industries. Thus the government today owns most of the railways and a large portion of the merchant marine. It also has monopolized the production of tobacco, gunpowder, salt, and alcoholic beverages.

But the rural peasant classes have not been neglected. The government has subsidized agriculture by the free grant of cattle, plows, and even houses to deserving families. Agricultural production has been encouraged further by material reduction of taxes and by a marked reduction of the term of military service required of the peasant class.

The keynote of Turkey's foreign policy is peace. Recently at the

world's fair in New York, Western sightseers were impressed by the modern Turkish Pavilion that was dominated by the statue of a man who symbolized the New Turkey. The man stood with one foot on the shore of Turkey-in-Europe, the other on that of Turkey-in-Asia. Underneath were the words: "Turkey unites Europe and Asia, in Peace." To date (1944) this claim has been made good. Turkey remains today one of the few important neutrals in Europe and Asia, although on August 2 of this year (1944), the Turkish Grand National Assembly, upon the recommendation of Premier Sukru Saracoglu, broke all diplomatic and economic relations with Germany, an action which quite likely will result in war.

This much is certain, if the New Turkey of the future is to function as a first-rate power in Europe and Asia, the government must play a shrewd and cautious diplomatic game. It will be necessary, especially, to establish friendly relations with Russia, England, and Germany, for each of these countries will continue to have designs on the Straits —bridgehead of Europe and Asia— Russia in order to obtain egress to the Aegean and Mediterranean Seas; England because of her strategic interests in Egypt, Suez, India, and Afghanistan; and Germany, in order to revive her *Drang nach Osten* policy toward Mesopotamia. A strong, vigorous, dignified foreign and domestic policy will be needed. Turkey can no longer afford to survive merely as the "Sick Man of Europe."

In 1934, Turkey with Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Greece joined the so-called Balkan Pact, which guaranteed mutually the security of respective frontiers. In 1937, Turkey adhered to the Middle-Eastern Pact with similar guarantees with her eastern neighbors Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan. Thus Turkey has become the link between two interlocking alliances, the Balkan and the Middle-Eastern Ententes. In 1925, the Turkish government concluded a treaty of neutrality and non-aggression with Soviet Russia. This was renewed in 1930, and again in 1933. Similar treaties were concluded with Italy, Turkey, and the United States. In 1929 and 1931 this developed into most-favored-nation treaties between these two countries. Turkey has been active in promoting the movement for Balkan Confederation. As a result of the recent Balkan Conferences, which Turkish delegates have always attended, two positive results have been achieved: (1) the establishment of an Inter-Balkan (Turkey, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, and Yugoslavia) Chamber of Commerce; and (2) an Inter-Balkan Tobacco Bureau.

The changes wrought by the Turkish Nationalists in the development of their country have been truly astounding, but their task is far from ended. "We must work much more," said Premier Ismet Pasha, in 1931. "We must work a thousand years."

The Captain's Biggest Battle

Sadie Willis Adamson

IT was in the early summer. Captain William Andrews, a patient in a great eastern hospital, was experimenting with a wooden leg.

Out on the large veranda were many soldiers both young and old—some with splints on their arms, some with splints on their legs. All were convalescing, home from the war. Some would go back overseas, back into the grim battle of death—but not Captain William Andrews.

Inside the big hospital, nurses were rushing up and down the corridors with food trays. At the moment the Captain was resting in a big chair in his room. His eyes followed the nurses but his mind was far away. A whiff of perfume from the flower box filled with petunias and geraniums drifted in with the slight breeze. A pretty nurse set a tray of food on a table at his side.

"Mr. Steffan will be in to see you early this afternoon, Captain." Her smile was encouraging. Captain Andrews nodded, unsmiling, and sipped his postum. If she would only keep away from him. Her hair reminded him of Mazie. *His* Mazie he once thought, but war had fogged everything. He didn't want to think of Mazie. Time had been when he had held her in his arms. They had danced at college dances and Bill had been the team's best man. It had been only two hours since she had left his room.

"Oh, Bill," she had exclaimed at sight of him. "I knew you would be okay."

"But I won't hold you, Mazie," he had replied with such fierce irony that the girl had stepped back at his look and words. "No girl as lovely as you, should be tied to a wooden leg." At least not Mazie Barker, the Doctor's daughter.

"But Bill darling, you don't understand."

"I understand," he had assured her. "I'll not have any pity. In time you will forget." Then gently, "There will be others without a scar."

"As if, oh, Bill, how can you?"

"This must be your last visit. This is final. I'm leaving soon, anyway."

For one long minute Mazie Barker had gazed at the man she loved, in painful acceptance, and, sobbing, quickly left the room.

Andrews had known the pain and cruelty of war. But this bitterness was new. If he had not loved Mazie with heart and soul, he could have stood this handicap with the rest. But he loved her and it cut deep. His tray had been removed unnoticed. He sat there wondering what his next move should be. A shadow filled the doorway and Andrews looked up.

"My name is Steffan." The man before him spoke with sincerity and interest. He held out his hand. "They told me of you when I was here last week. I'm driving out into the country. Want to come along?"

"Thank you, sir. I'll be rather cumbersome until I get the hang of this." He placed his hand on the new leg and the shock of no feeling

shot a streak of red up to his temples.

"You'll manage." Steffan was confident and firm.

They had gone probably three miles when Steffan remarked, "I like to drive out this way, the sights I see along the road feed my soul. I understand you were an electrician before the war?"

"That's right, sir."

"Like it?"

"It was like food to me, sir."

"Then I'll show you something, a sight for tired eyes."

They had come to a turn in the road. "Over there," nodded Steffan, "is our power plant. The electrician in charge of it has made quite a name for himself. Yonder are the Timothy Falls where electricity is manufactured for the surrounding territory.

"The Falls are lovely in their powdery whiteness surrounded by these mountains of rock with the green of lawn and flowers enhancing, if possible, their brilliant hue.

"When I'm down in the dumps, I come out here and view nature for awhile, and every time I see something that builds my faith."

THEY had parked the car and now stood viewing the Falls. Andrew could find no words to offer. They walked on, his cane thumping the hard earth. They were on their way to the power plant. Not once did Steffan offer to help the man beside him.

"Take a look at this oddity," suggested Steffan, pointing directly in front of them.

Out there amid nature's magnificent beauty was a barkless, broken old tree apparently barren of life. Two long, knotted old roots stretched over the surface of huge rocks, on either side of the weather-beaten portion that was once a tree of life—their knotted, claw-like arms clasping the surface of barren rocks, prying into their depths, and disappearing out of sight under their heavy weight.

Extending from a limb, apparently dead, Andrews gasped in astonishment at a spray of green (like a Christmas table decoration) gazing up at the sun and basking in its warmth. That old tree, courageously seeking, prying, gathered from the good earth the sap and nourishment with its breast to enable it to pierce through the rugged surface above, and reach the warm health-giving light of the sun.

"It's a pitiful struggle," exclaimed Steffan, "yet the conquering tree breathes a lesson in our everyday lives, 'Labor in order to grow.' 'Seek and ye shall find.' How long the old tree has battled the elements can never be learned, yet the simple truth defies crushing, and points that it can be done."

"Faith is the word for it," observed Andrews.

"Exactly," Steffan spoke with finality. "It burned a lesson on my conscious existence the first time I saw it."

A lizard ran in front of them and disappeared behind a rock.

"This is part of Nature's wonderland," declared Steffan.

A few moments later they reached the power plant. The smooth, steady noise was music to Andrews' ears, and his quick eye gleamed with pleasure as Steffan pointed out different parts of interest.

Back at the car, Steffan placed

his foot upon the running board. He drew up his trousers and thumped his wooden leg with his nuckles.

"It has served me well," he stated, "just as yours will you."

"You, too?" Andrews gasped.

"Ever since World War I," Steffan spoke proudly. "And if there's a pretty girl in the picture so much the better. Once I was about to tell Janice I didn't want her pity, that was once. Janice is my wife now." He shook his head, "What I have done, you can do, lad. I'd like to take a needed vacation soon and I'd appreciate your services. How about it?"

Andrews was trying hard to control his quivering chin. "I'll give it all I've got, sir. Thank you, sir."

Back at the hospital Captain William Andrews called a number, and only joy was reflected in the conversation over the telephone. It was plain he was talking to someone he loved.

SHE STEPS NEXT DOOR

Edna S. Dustin

She was like a lovely Grecian urn
Containing those rare flowers which perfume life;
Her fragrance, reaching out, dried tears that burn;
Her priceless soul healed hearts welled up with strife.
Our lives are richer that she passed our way
And called us dear; her smile we'll all recall—
So unassuming; gave so quietly
Her sacrifice of self, giving her all.

Our hearts are grieved because we cannot see
She had to step next door to rest awhile;
Her other dear ones hold her tenderly,
We would not grieve if we could see their smile.
Like a sunburst through dark clouds above
She left a heritage—undying love.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponents*, October 1 and October 15, 1884.

"The Rights of the Women of Zion, and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A Happy Affair: On Tuesday, September 30, Miss Martha J. Horne was united in marriage to Elder Joseph S. Tingey; both of this city. Miss Horne was one of the first girls who learned type setting here, and set type for the Exponent from its first issue. She made herself very proficient in the art of type setting, and could compete with any of the men in the office in this respect. . . . She is the daughter of Elder Joseph and M. Isabella Horne, both widely and favorably known among the Latter-day Saints. The bridegroom is the son of Bishop Tingey of the 17th Ward; he is a typo in the Deseret News Office, and is a young man in every way likely to make a good husband. . . .

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Editorial: Visit to the Country—In company with Sister Eliza R. S. Smith we left the city on the southern railway train Thursday morning, September 11th. At Provo Sisters M. A. Hyde and M. W. Snow joined our party. At Nephi we stopped long enough to dine with Sister Pitchfork, then took Sanpete Valley Railway for Fountain Green, where we were most hospitably welcomed and entertained at Bishop John son's.

Friday morning at ten o'clock the Relief Society Conference of that stake convened in the new brick meeting house, Sister M. A. Hyde presiding. . . .

Sister Eliza R. S. Smith spoke on the growth of infidelity, its causes, and the necessity of the young being instructed in the principles of the Gospel and receiving the Holy Spirit to preserve them from evil influences and as a safeguard against temptation and doubt. Referred particularly to government and discipline in the training of children and to the correct cultivation of the conscience; thought mothers should have the highest and best possible education. . . .

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Home Affairs: A new book of nearly 600 pages and handsomely bound, recently published by the Deseret News Company is entitled "Biography, Autobiography and Family Record of Lorenzo Snow." This book is from the gifted pen of Eliza R. S. Smith, sister of the Apostle whose record she has so ably written. . . .

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The Deseret Hospital: About the middle of July the Deseret Hospital which had been previously situated in the Twelfth Ward of this city, was removed to a building in the Seventeenth Ward, for several years occupied by and known as the Deseret University Building . . . standing at the corner of 2nd West and 1st North Sts. The President of the Hospital, Bishop H. B. Clawson, visits the institution himself every day and leaves no means in his power untried to promote its best interests. The Board of Directors . . . meet regularly for the transaction of business . . . There is a competent resident surgeon in the house . . . There is also a steward and matron, with competent nurses and other helps . . . Morning and evening prayers are regularly attended to . . . On Sunday, meetings are held in the large reception room, and the sacrament administered to all in the house who are members of the Church. These meetings are under the direct supervision of the Bishop of the Ward. . . .

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Relief Society Fair At Coalville: On the 7th of August and the three following days, a ladies' fair was held in the Relief Society's store, Coalville, under the management of the Relief, Young Ladies and Primary Associations of Summit Stake. The proceeds thereof to be used for the purpose of purchasing glass for the new stake meeting house now in course of erection at Coalville. . . .

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

EDNA REINDEL, American painter of still life and flower pictures, has been called "an intellectual poet," combining in her art descriptive realism and a lovely lyrical feeling.

MARGARET WOODROW WILSON, daughter of President Wilson, has died in India, a devotee of East Indian philosophy.

AN intelligent advocate of recognition of woman's equality with man in economic, political, and social fields was Miss Alice Lovina Manning of Salt Lake City, who recently passed away. She was the fourth woman admitted to the practice of law in Utah, was legislative chairman of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and was in the law department of the Union Pacific Railroad.

AFTER organizing successful national campaigns to persuade women to take war jobs, the head of the magazine bureau of the O.W.I. resigned because of lack of proper conditions for caring for her two young children. She believes that the lack of community co-operation in arranging for the proper care of children of war-working mothers is a menace to all war industries.

ELOISE S. THETFORD is co-author with S. H. Kraines, M.D., of a highly recommended book on psychology, *Managing Your Mind*. Its thesis is that our emotional states determine as well as reflect the well-being of our bodies.

TWO other noteworthy books are: *Yankee from Olympus; Justice Holmes and His Family* by Catherine Drinker Bowen, and *Carrie Chapman Catt*, a biography by Mary Gray Peck. Mrs. Catt was associated with national woman's suffrage, the International Suffrage Alliance, and was noted for her work in determining the cause and cure of war.

THE march of progress among Latin-American women is noteworthy. Among students from the other Americas studying in our colleges on scholarships, many are young women. Ten years ago Chili had eight students here; she now has 118. Colombia had twenty-three as against 204 now. The Federation of Women's Clubs in the United States is now sponsoring fourteen scholarships for Latin-American girls to study here, ranging from board and room to $1200 each.

EDITORIAL

VOL 31 OCTOBER 1944 NO. 10

Home, After The War

THE three words "after the war" have seemed for a long time to be merely wishful thinking, but now, when the end of the war in Europe, at least, does seem in sight, it is time to plan for the home in the postwar world. One of the most pressing situations to be faced will be the return of thousands of mothers to the home as the war work in which many of them have engaged will cease. The question of women remaining in the home to personally care for their children, or hiring someone else to care for them, or leaving them to improper or no supervision at all, is a problem which is plaguing the entire Nation. There is no hard and fast rule which can be laid down in this regard, each case deserves serious consideration on its own merits as to the right and wrong of the reason which causes a mother to absent herself from the home—reasons which range from the situation arising from the death or injury of the husband, to the mother who wishes to help out with the family finances, and so on down the scale until one reaches the mother who, tiring of her domestic duties, simply walks out on her family.

It is not the present intention to enter into a justification or condemnation of the mother who leaves the home, but merely to point out the fact that the great majority, it is hoped, of the men will be coming back; war industries will cease; and the returning members of the armed forces must be given the opportunity to once more earn livelihoods for themselves and their families. When this situation arises, the mother who has left her home should be prepared to face the situation and accept it. She may find that she can slip back into her place in the family with no friction, on the other hand she may find her children resentful of the closer surveillance to which they will be subjected. The mother who has worked night shift and whose adolescent children have been allowed to do much as they wished, may find her problem the most acute, if, indeed, heartbreaking situations do not already exist.

The Latter-day Saint mother has been taught that parents shall "teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord." In November 1831 (in a day when the mother was in the home) the Lord said:

> Now, I, the Lord, am not well pleased with the inhabitants of Zion, for there are idlers among them; and their children are also growing up in wickedness; they also seek not earnestly the riches of eternity,

but their eyes are full of greediness" (Doctrine and Covenants 68:31).

Have the eyes of some in this day been so full of greediness that mothers have put in jeopardy the very souls of their children? If any mother feels the pricks of conscience over the behavior of her children, let her but the more eagerly, earnestly, and prayerfully reassume her duties. History teaches that a period of lawlessness and excess follows after a war. As the industrial need for mothers decreases, the need of the mother, as such, will steadily increase. Where it is at all possible for the mother who may have left her home to return, she should eagerly accept the opportunity, and rededicate herself to carry on those duties, given her by the Lord, for which she is and will be held responsible.

M.C.S.

"THEY ALSO SERVE"

Alice Eddy LeCornu

They also serve who do the humble things,
Who toil and sweat in weariness and pain
When honors pass them by, and plaudits wane,
For whom no banner waves nor clarion rings—
They also serve.

They also serve who do the simple things,
Who hold the rhythm of a sane routine
And keep life balanced, steadfast, and serene,
In times of stress, around them solace clings,
They also serve.

They also serve who do the happy things,
Who kindle joys and fan the sparks of fun,
Who seeking clouds of war still face God's sun,
How sweet above earth-sorrows their faith sings!
They also serve.

Forward, Without Fear

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER THREE

Who stole their money? That was the question facing ANN KRISTIN MORTENSEN and her sister HELGA when they reached Camp Lewis across from Nauvoo. All the way from Norway there had been but a series of misfortunes for the orphan girls. Just before they discovered the loss of their money ANN KRISTIN had been knocked over, and her hand infected from a sliver. MATT LEWIS, who had won ANN's dislike because he called her an over-decorated female, pulled the sliver from her hand and was very attentive until PATTY LOU TURNER, a girl from the South, told them ANN was going to marry TOM BEDLOE. TOM was an immigrant who had joined the Company at St. Louis.

THE hour was the one before sundown. Low-hanging clouds deepened the spirit of depression that had hung over the camp all day. Insects buzzed incessantly. Instead of Niels and Johanna staying with the girls in a fine home in Nauvoo, the girls were staying with them in a shelter Niels had built on a high spot back of where the trunks had been unloaded. Several other shelters similar to Niels' had risen here and there about the grove. But this one was better. Niels had found his fellow countrymen, and had traded one of Helga's Norwegian blankets for a piece of canvas. The canvas served as a roof. Inside, they and their belongings were reasonably secure against the weather.

In the clearing Helga and Johanna sat knitting. It was less hot there than by their shelter. As her needles clicked furiously, Helga thought nothing could lift the burden that hung over her and Ann Kristin. Thief was such an ugly word. To lose money was not as bad as having suspicion come between them and their friends. Johanna looked better. Shining through the weariness in her face was the light of peace. Before a tiny fire Patty Lou was breaking twigs.

"Darn," she cried in exasperation. "All I get is a blaze. It won't smudge a bit. I think the skeeters must be having a convention here to welcome us. It makes our welcome to Zion complete."

"I feel as if the end of the world were hanging over us." Helga stopped knitting and looked about. "There is a feeling of doom in the air."

Johanna looked from one to the other. Their looks told what they were thinking. "All my life I have lived without money. It doesn't matter. We must think of the days ahead."

Helga's needles clicked even faster. "I am thinking of nothing but them. After Niels buys us a camp oven we shan't have a dollar between us."

"How did you-all learn such a jumpy language?" Patty Lou had looked up from her fire in wonder. "What did you-all say?"

Helga translated and added, "Tomorrow we shall all have to hunt work."

"Me? Work?" the girl cried. "I'm no account when it comes to working."

Matt Lewis came up quietly. "Good evening, girls. Where is—Niels?"

"He went somewhere to buy us a camp oven. Did you need him?"

"N—no. He was going across to Nauvoo with me."

"Don't take him away," Patty Lou complained. "That no-count Jake left just when he might have been some use. He had money and he could build a smudge."

"Let me." Matt reached for some leaves and moss and made a blanket of them over the blaze. Thick smoke rolled up.

"Do tell!" the girl exclaimed. "All it needed was a man."

Matt gave her directions for keeping it going. Then, rising, he looked about casually. "Where is your sister?" he asked, as if her absence had just occurred to him.

"She went with Tom Bedloe. They should be back before long. Did you find anything?"

"I couldn't even find that trader, Wilkins, but I will. Bedloe beat me to him. If Niels comes, send him to the wharf. As soon as I can, I will be back across. I may be able to find you a house."

"Don't look for one," Helga told him shortly. "Kristie will be getting married and I will stay here with Johanna."

"Well, I will keep my eyes open for a small house, and for work for you." He turned to go, and Patty Lou spoke in a half whisper to Helga.

"Isn't that just like men? They all want the same gal, but Tom Bedloe will hold on to her."

Helga started to reply, but stopped as a buggy drove to the edge of the clearing. It was Bedloe and Ann Kristin. He tied his team and turned to help her, but she was already out and walking toward the others. Matt saw and came back.

"What luck?" Helga asked.

Ann Kristin did not answer, but her silence was more eloquent than words. Her face was drawn and pale, and she held her sore hand to shield it from any contact. Bedloe, coming up, answered for her.

"Elder Lewis is still interviewing the immigrants. Captain Russell has put his crew through a third degree. It is more than likely that whoever took it left the boat before it docked."

"How could that be?" Helga asked.

"Easily," Matt answered. "The thief could have gone ashore in a small boat, or he could have left at one of the numerous times when the *River Maid* tied up to take on wood. Captain Russell will know who left the boat."

"As a matter of fact," Bedloe spoke slowly, "only two men left the boat. Your father and the trader, Wilkins. The trader took a small satchel with him, and your father carried a box. A rather large box."

"A box of tools delivered to a farmer immigrant," Matt said shortly. "You heard him say so."

"Of course, and everyone knows your father is the soul of honor."

Matt stiffened. His mouth was an angry white line. Bedloe hastened to explain.

"Situations of this kind must be handled without sentiment. Otherwise the thief will never be found. Those who are innocent have nothing to fear. We have filed a complaint with the local authorities stating the facts as we know them." He turned to Helga. "Ann Kristin and

I are being married tonight. She can't stay in this camp another night."

They all looked at Ann Kristin. Matt bit his lower lip. Her face was flushed. Either, he thought, because she is excited or because she is feverish from her hand. She doesn't love the big "wind-bag."

Helga asked, "Has Elder Lewis given his consent?"

Before she could answer, Bedloe spoke. "The essential thing right now is to get her under a roof. Her hand is paining her. Would you like to go with us to Bishop Palmer's?" He asked the last of the three women.

Patty Lou's face was bland. "Let me think. It seems like I can remember—"

"Will an hour be enough time? I can be back then. We will get your trunks tomorrow." Bedloe turned his back on Patty Lou and spoke to his fiancee. But Matt's face lighted with interest. The Southern girl was always remembering something. Just what was it she knew, if anything? He started to ask, but stopped as his father and Niels came into the clearing.

LARGE drops of rain, vanguard of the storm to come, spattered about them. The sky had darkened, but there was still light enough to show the lines of weariness and discouragement in Elder Lewis' face. Ann Kristin's hand throbbed and her head ached. For the moment she wished her father had never seen a missionary. It had brought them nothing but misery. She couldn't get away from this place fast enough.

"It was no use." Elder Lewis saw the inquiry in the glances turned to him. "I didn't find out any more today than I did yesterday. But I am not giving up."

"Neither am I," Bedloe's voice was harsh. "There is entirely too much of this going on. Make an example and it will stop. I found out today that many complaints have been filed. More than I ever suspected. The reason it goes on—."

"The reason it goes on," Matt interrupted, "is because the country is full of slick vultures who prey on innocent—." He broke off. His fingers itched to choke something out of Tom Bedloe's face. For no reason he could name, he hated him.

"Ann Kristin and I are being married tonight." Bedloe turned to Lewis. "I hope we have your blessing."

It took a moment for Elder Lewis to switch his thoughts to this new situation. "Tonight? This is very sudden, isn't it, Ann?"

"Yes, Elder Lewis, it is sudden, but we thought under the circumstances—."

"Yes. It is evident you must have help and I can do nothing for you."

"I'll go on," Bedloe told the girl. "I have an errand but I will be back in an hour."

The buggy had no more than turned when they noticed two men approaching. One wore an officer's badge and both had guns. The leader looked them over insolently.

"Which one of you is Edward Lewis?"

"I am. Now what?"

"At least you are honest enough to admit it. My name is Simmons and this is Jones with me. Mr. Lewis, I am arresting you in the name of the law."

"What do you mean?" Matt demanded.

"Just what I said. I am arresting Edward Lewis for the willful appropriation of money belonging to two immigrant girls. We are swamped with such complaints. You Mormons give us more trouble than all the rest of the people. I'll be glad when we get rid of you."

Matt faced the men belligerently. "Are you crazy? You can't arrest a man on some flimsy excuse, and with no evidence."

"Oh, I can't, eh?" Simmons drew a paper from his pocket. "Here is the warrant."

"But he had nothing to do with the disappearance of their money."

"That is something for the judge to decide. I was sent here for him, and I am taking him."

The man, Jones, grinned, showing broken and discolored teeth. "He'll have a chance to explain what he carried in the box he took off the *River Maid*. Maybe he'll have a little trouble explaining where he got the money to bring this bunch of furriners up the river."

"Just how do you know," Matt demanded, "that he paid their way? How do you know they didn't pay their own passages?"

"Did they? Ask him. Ask him if he didn't. We got ways of finding out. Why he'd give a hoot about doing it is beyond me. That is another queer thing about you Mormons."

There was such assurance in his voice they turned automatically to face Edward Lewis. His look of bewilderment changed to relief. He smiled at them.

"Yes, I did pay their passage. That is, I paid a large part of it; but that isn't a crime. You can't arrest me for that."

"And you had only seven dollars when you left here. Try denying that."

Every eye turned to Patty Lou. Her face was scarlet. Then Edward Lewis spoke again.

"I have no intention of denying it. I had exactly seven dollars in gold when I left."

"Yet you paid a hundred, two hundred, maybe three hundred dollars, and had enough left to buy your wife a present in Montrose."

Matt was taut with rage. He wanted to shake Patty Lou until her teeth in her empty head rattled. She didn't have sense enough to know any idle word would be picked up by their enemies. But she could not have sworn out the complaint.

"Try denying you took a box ashore—."

"I think you had better tell them, Father, how you got the money for the passage, and what was in the box you took to Elijah Lizenbee."

"I don't know what was in the box. I didn't open it. Moses Lizenbee died on the trip up, and I promised to deliver the box to his brother. He said it was tools."

"But it could have been gold taken from a trunk."

"No. It could not."

"How did you get the passage money? Probably by a miracle," the deputy smiled facetiously. "I hear some of you work them. Come to think of it, it was a miracle to get that money and not be found out until now."

"Even if he took that money in New Orleans, you couldn't arrest him here just on suspicion," Matt cried hotly. But, even as he said it, he

knew there was no use to protest. They could and would hold him on any pretext whatever.

Edward Lewis looked about the group. Johanna's eyes were brimming with tears. Helga and Ann Kristin were shocked, but Patty Lou's face showed guilt.

"Captain Russell gave me free passage if I would bring the saints back on his boat. This group," he hesitated, reluctant to go on, "this group was made up mostly of people left by other companies. Because of sickness or lack of money, they had been left behind. Yet I had to get them here."

"But your Church didn't give you money. I reckon you prayed about it."

"Yes. I did pray. While waiting I went into a free reading room in New Orleans." He turned and his next words were to Matt alone. "It was a pleasant room with carpet and curtains, and strongly reminiscent of our former life. My heart went out to your mother. She has missed her home so much. There was a beautiful lamp on the table with porcelain bowl and shade. That is why I bought the lamp. Life here is so devoid of comforts and beauty."

The officer opened his mouth to speak but, with an imperative gesture, Ann Kristin silenced him. Tears were running down her cheeks.

"Go on, Elder Lewis," she said quietly. Matt gave her a quick look.

"I was at my wit's end. I prayed many times. As I left the room after spending the evening reading, my eye caught a notice on the wall. It gave the address of a place one could buy a lottery ticket."

Matt spoke quickly. "So that is where you got the money."

"Yes, Son. I tried to put that notice out of my mind but it stayed with me. I walked the streets for hours, and when I went to bed, I prayed that my mind would be turned from such sinful practices. When I awoke the next morning, I was very strongly impressed to go back and buy a ticket. So I went to the place."

The officers were smiling broadly. "And your ticket won?" Simmons said.

Ignoring him, Elder Lewis went on. "When I tried to buy a ticket they were sold out."

"Sold out?" Patty Lou echoed.

"Yes, but a man seeing my disappointment offered to sell me half of his. I hear that is a practice with those who follow the races. I paid him three dollars for half of his ticket."

"And your ticket won?"

"Our ticket won. After buying passage for the saints who needed help, I had seven dollars left. The exact amount I had when I left home."

Matt's face in the deepening dusk shone with pride and devotion. Tears were in the girls' eyes. Something was happening to Ann Kristin. It was for such things her father had left home and comfort, friends and business. The men were taking it as a joke.

"That is a fancy story all right. You can come and tell it to the judge, and you still have to explain about the box you took from the *River Maid*."

Matt's muscles tightened. He knew what justice his father would get with such a story.

"You said you had a warrant. Who signed the complaint?"

Very deliberately Simmons opened the paper, and read, "Miss Ann Kristin Mortensen, lately of—."

Like a bombshell the name exploded over the small group. Helga grasped her sister's arm. It was the sore one, but neither noticed.

"Kristie, you didn't—you couldn't—."

"Certainly, I didn't," Ann Kristin answered, then suddenly she paled. "Oh-oh-Tom, I—."

"Please." Matt's voice cut like the lash of a whip. "Don't make excuses. We all know you didn't know what you were doing."

"But I didn't. I didn't know—."

"Come on." Simmons took handcuffs from his pocket. Edward Lewis made no protest. Matt and Niels would have interfered, but he motioned them back.

"Force will not settle this. Explain to mother. I will be out in a few days."

"I will tell her." Ann Kristin's eyes were dark with fright. "I will tell her the truth. She will believe me."

Helga was still staring at her sister. "Kristie. How could you? And I thought it was Patty Lou. She looked so guilty."

"Well," the girl's gulp of relief made even Matt smile. "I talk so much I thought maybe I really had told something this time. Phew! What a scare!"

Then, suddenly, the entire group was galvanized by a wild scream. They all turned to face the trail.

"Pa, Pa, Matt!" It was Ted's shrill voice. He burst into the clearing, but stopped short at sight of the strangers, "Oh, my gosh!"

Matt stepped quickly to his side. "What is it, Ted? What's the matter?"

"I—I was at the pier—helping look for the money—and—and—"

"Yes. Yes. What is it?"

"Two men came in a boat. They were in an awful hurry. They said—," he stopped suddenly and looked from Matt to his father, and back, "It couldn't be true, could it?"

"What couldn't be true?"

"He's dead. There was some kind of signal. They killed him."

Matt's height lengthened and tightened. Edward Lewis groaned aloud. Disregarding the officers, he moved quickly to his small son's side. "Tell us quietly. Take your time."

Ted was trying hard to be tall and quiet like Matt. "The men were scared. They said, 'get to your homes and your guns.' They said, 'the Mormons will kill us.' "

"Who is dead?" Patty Lou demanded.

Ted's nerves snapped. He started to cry. "I told you, the Prophet and a whole pile of others, and we are all going to be killed."

At the first note of alarm, Simmons had drawn his gun. Jones, visibly nervous, followed his lead. The saints looked at each other in horror and unbelief. Insects droned loudly in the silence. Then Edward Lewis straightened his shoulders.

"The end has come."

There was no answer except Johanna's quiet sobbing. Helga had translated quickly for them. Then, in two strides, Matt was facing Simmons.

"Don't come any nearer," Simmons raised his gun. "I'll shoot."

Ignoring the gun, Matt stepped close and shook his fist in the other's face. "Take my father. Put him in

(*Continued on page 584*)

Sketch Of My Life

Eliza R. Snow Smith

CHAPTER VIII

ALTHOUGH two Hospitals, St. Mark's and St. Mary's had been established in Salt Lake City by their respective religious denominations, the Latter-day Saints felt the need of one of their own where the sick and maimed, who desired, could have the sacred ordinances of anointing with oil and laying on of hands administered without being exposed to the contempt and ridicule of those who ignored them. But the means, labors, and attention of our people being necessarily directed in so many channels, that in cases in which Hospital appliances were indispensably requisite for the alleviation of suffering humanity, we patronized those in operation.

Leading "Mormon" women have, from time to time, suggested that we make a move in the direction of a Hospital of our own, but without location, building, and without funds, to start out in an enterprise of such magnitude seemed preposterous even to the most sanguine. At one time, President Young proposed to me, if I would take charge, and preside over the Institution, he would donate a certain Lot, on which was a moderately sized house, for the commencement of a Hospital, of which he would give a warrantee deed for that purpose. But at that time my labors and responsibilities were such as rendered it an utter impossibility for me to accept the proposal and, as he declined entrusting it to another, the generous offer passed from our reach; but the want of a Hospital of our own grew more apparent year by year until in 1881-2, when in the minds of several "Mormon" women it was settled as a necessity, and the idea was coincided in by some of the leading men.

In the Spring following, the "Catholic Sisters," who for seven years had conducted St. Mary's Hospital on premises which they rented, were going to vacate them, which suggested an opportunity for us to obtain the place by paying rent as they had done. After consulting the First Presidency and other prominent brethren with regard to the feasibility of the undertaking, and receiving encouragement respecting means for that purpose; it was decided for the L.D. Saint women to inaugurate a Hospital. Accordingly an organization was formed, entitled "Deseret Hospital Association"—consisting of a Board of Directors—House Surgeon—Matron—etc., etc., and I was required to preside, which although acknowledging the honor conferred, I accepted with the greatest reluctance—reluctance that approached nearly to obstinacy. I saw at once that we were grasping a Mammoth—that as we had to commence at the bed-rock—build-additions, make repairs in the building, and fit up in every department. much thought, labor, and time must

THE DESERET HOSPITAL

be devoted in that direction. I realized the great need, and the importance of the movement, and did not feel to shrink from my labor or responsibility, but when my time was all occupied, as it truly was at that time; for me to involve myself in other and untried duties, seemed nothing short of subscribing to neglect of those already resting upon me: but I obtained a promise that after the Hospital was in good running order, I might resign.

In connection with the "Board of Directors," which consisted of ten ladies, I spent very much time—calling, and attending Board meetings—consulting, etc., etc., and succeeded beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Although many of our patients were unable to pay expenses for treatment, by liberal donations we were enabled to fit up the building, supply each department, and pay our work-hands, nurses, etc., etc. But our remuneration consisted in the consciousness of doing our duty, and in the sweet enjoyment which follows extending relief to suffering humanity—not one of us received one cent for our services—we were not hirelings, dollars and cents, with us personally, were out of the question.

I retained the position of President nearly two years, when I resigned, and Bishop H. B. Clawson succeeded me, retaining the original Board. And here I must say, that my associations with the members of that Board, in the struggles, labors, trials, and success, in starting out in a new direction, have very strongly endeared them to me, I trust never to be severed from my affections.

Since my resignation as President of the "Hospital Association," I have

had no time to be idle. Visiting associations, organizing, etc.—officiating in sacred ordinances in the "House of the Lord"—administering to the sick—writing for publication—proof-reading, in connection with an extensive correspondence and other et ceteras, keep me fully employed. And, at this period of my life, to be able to perform the many duties, and labors of love required of me, is certainly worthy of a higher tribute of gratitude to God, the Giver of all good, than I am capable of expressing.

—Thus closes "Sketch of My Life"

E. R. Snow Smith

YES, I WOULD BE A SAINT

My heart is fix'd—I know in whom I trust.
'Twas not for wealth—'twas not to gather heaps
Of perishable things—'twas not to twine
Around my brow, a transitory wreath—
A garland deck'd with gems of mortal praise,
That I forsook the home of childhood: that
I left the lap of ease—the halo rife
With friendship's richest, deep, and mellow tones—
Affection's fond caresses, and the cup
O'erflowing with the sweets of social life,
With high refinement's golden pearls enriched.

Ah, no! a holier purpose fired my soul—
A nobler object prompted my pursuit:
Eternal prospects opened to my view,
And Hope Celestial in my bosom glow'd.

God, who commanded Abraham to leave
His native country, and to offer up
On the lone altar, where no eye beheld
But that which never sleeps, his fav'rite son,
Is still the same; and thousands who have made
A covenant with Him by sacrifice,
Are bearing witness to the sacred truth,
Jehovah speaking has reveal'd His will.
The proclamation sounded in my ear—
It reached my heart—I listen'd to the sound—
Counted the cost, and laid my earthly all
Upon the altar, and with purpose fix'd
Unalterably, while the spirit of
Elijah's God within my bosom reigns,
Embraced the Everlasting Covenant

* * * *

It is no trifling thing to be a Saint
In very deed—to stand upright, nor bow,
Nor bend beneath the heavy pressure of
Oppressiveness—to stand unscathed amid
The bellowing thunders and the raging storm
Of persecution, when the hostile powers
Of darkness stimulate the hearts of men
To warfare—to besiege, assault, and with
The heavy thunderbolts of Satan, aim
To overthrow the kingdom God has rear'd.
To stand unmoved upon the withering rack
Of vile apostasy, when men depart
From the pure principles of righteousness—
Those principles requiring man to live
By every word proceeding from the mouth
Of God—to stand unwavering, undismay'd
And unseduced, when the base hypocrite
Whose deeds take hold on hell, whose face is garbed
With saintly looks drawn out by sacrilege,
From the profession, but assumed and thrown
Around him for a mantle, to enclose
The black corruption of a putrid heart—
To stand on virtue's lofty pinnacle,
Clad in the robes of heavenly innocence,
Amid that worse than every other blast,
The blast that strikes at moral character,
With floods of falsehood foaming with abuse—
To stand with nerve and sinew firmly steeled,
When, in the trying scale of rapid change,
Thrown face to face, and side by side to that
Foul hearted spirit, blacker than the soul
Of midnight's darkest shade, the traitor, the
Vile wretch that feeds his sordid selfishness
Upon the peace and blood of innocence;
The faithless; rotten-hearted wretch, whose tongue
Speaks words of trust and fond fidelity,
While treachery, like a viper, coils behind
The smile that dances in his evil eye—

To pass the fiery ordeal, and to have
The heart laid open, all its contents strewed
Before the bar of strictest scrutiny;
To feel the finest heart-strings drawn unto
Their utmost tension, and their texture proved.

And yet, although to be a Saint requires
A noble sacrifice, an arduous toil,
A persevering aim; the great reward
Awaiting the grand consummation, will
Repay the price, however costly; and
The pathway of the Saint, the safest path
Will prove, though perilous; for 'tis decreed
All things that can be shaken, God will shake;
Kingdoms and Governments and Institutes,
Both civil and religious, must be tried—
Tried to the core, and sounded to the depth.

Then let me be a Saint, and be prepared
For the approaching day, which like a snare
Will soon surprise the hypocrite—expose
The rottenness of human schemes—shake off
Oppressive fetters—break the gorgeous reins
Usurpers hold, and lay the pride of man—
The pride of nations, low in dust!

BURY ME QUIETLY WHEN I DIE

On the "iron rod" I have laid my hold;
If I "keep the faith," and like Paul of old,
Shall have "fought the good fight," and Christ, the Lord
Has a crown in store, with a full reward
Of the Holy Priesthood in fulness, rife
With the gifts and the powers of an endless life,
And a glorious mansion for me on high;
Bury me quietly when I die.

I am aiming to earn a celestial crown—
To merit a heavenly, approv'd renown;
And whether in grave or in tomb I am laid—
Beneath the tall oak or the cypress shade;
Whether at home with dear friends around,
Or in distant lands upon stranger ground—
Under wintry clouds or a summer sky;
Bury me quietly when I die.

When my spirit ascends to the world above
To unite with the choirs in celestial love;
Let the finger of silence control the bell,
To restrain the chime of a funeral knell—
Let no mourning strain—not a sound be heard
By which a sad pulse of the heart is stirr'd—
No note of sorrow to prompt a sigh;
Bury me quietly when I die.

What avail the parade and the splendor here,
To a legal heir to a heavenly sphere?
To the heirs of salvation, what is the worth,
In their perishing state, the frail things of earth?
What is death, to the good, but an entrance gate,
That is placed on the verge of a rich estate,
Where commissioned escorts are waiting by?
Bury me quietly when I die.

Like a beacon that rises o'er ocean's wave,
There's a light—there's a life beyond the grave;
The future is bright, and it beckons me on
Where the noble and pure and the brave have gone,
Who have battled for truth with their mind and might,
With their garments clean and their armor bright:
They are dwelling with God, in a world on high:
Bury me quietly when I die.

—Eliza R. Snow Smith

Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 13, 1885.

As a Grain of Mustard Seed

A Short Story Based on an Incident in the Life of a Convert of 1842

Leslie L. Sudweeks

THE warm October sun was sinking low in the west that autumn day in 1835, as the old-fashioned surrey rounded a turn in the road, and the three occupants came in sight of the little hamlet nestling at the foot of Bear Mountain.

"Well, here we are almost home," said Joel Drury cheerfully, reining in his span of bay mares. "Tired, Mother?" he inquired, turning to the woman by his side.

"Not very, Joel," she answered, "but I'm glad we are nearly home. It seems so quiet and restful here after the crowd and bustle of the city."

"I wonder how our little girl is getting along," Joel said solicitously, glancing toward the back seat of the surrey where lay the frail figure of a girl of perhaps thirteen or fourteen, one arm encircling a pair of crutches. "Poor child, it was a great disappointment to her that the doctors in Boston could do nothing."

"Yes, poor dear," answered Tirza Drury softly. "It's so sad to know that she must go through life a cripple. Hip disease is such a tragic thing. But our daughter is brave, Joel, she will make the best of it."

Then, turning toward the huddled figure on the back seat of the surrey, she raised her voice slightly, "Look, Permelia. Wake up, dear! We are almost home."

The girl stirred listlessly, murmuring an incoherent, "Uh-huh," but did not uncover her eyes. The monotonous rattle of the carriage wheels seemed to echo over and over again the doctor's words: "I am sorry, Mrs. Drury, but medical science can do nothing for your daughter. Hip disease is incurable."

It was dark when the surrey finally pulled up at the little Massachusetts farmhouse that the Drury's called home. Sister Ruth had a candle burning in the window and a hot supper ready, while Brother Charles was just coming in from the milking.

The welcome warmth of the living room fire rapidly dispelled the gloom and disappointment which had settled over Permelia Drury. The lines around her mouth softened, revealing a lovely face set with deep blue eyes and framed with a mass of curly black hair. Her slender, girlish figure was graceful in spite of the crutches which she kept near her.

Before supper was over there came a timid knock on the door, and in came Emma Woodward, Permelia's best friend, to hear all about the trip to the city and to spend the night.

As the years passed, Permelia Drury blossomed into young womanhood. Her cheerful acceptance of her lot, and her activity, in spite of her handicap, were marveled at by the little community of Wendell. Many happy hours were spent in company with her friend Emma,

sometimes at the Woodward farm and sometimes at the Drury's.

When Emma was finally sent away to Boston to a girls' finishing school, Permelia was very lonely. However, during the winter of 1841-42 this loneliness was partially offset by a new interest. Two missionaries had arrived from Nauvoo, preaching a strange, new religion called Mormonism.

The Woodwards and the Drurys were sturdy folk who were not accustomed to accepting new religious theories, yet there was something strangely appealing in the story of the modern Prophet who had translated a book from an ancient record of golden plates, whose hiding place in the ground had been revealed by an angel. It seemed too incredible to be true, and yet the story was disconcerting.

The strange new book, purporting to give the record of God's dealings with the ancient inhabitants of America, was read at first curiously, later with the conviction that it must be the truth. The Woodwards finally sent for Emma to come home from Boston to hear this strange new doctrine, and Permelia was overjoyed at the prospect of discussing the principles of Mormonism with her friend.

ON the afternoon of February 28, two elders busied themselves in throwing up a dam across the brook that meandered through the Woodward farm, in order to form a pond for the baptism on the morrow.

Permelia came over early to watch the work and to spend the night at the Woodwards. The two girls talked far into the night of the strange new gospel they had both decided to embrace.

"Surely," said Permelia, "the Lord has again spoken from the heavens as was prophesied by John the Revelator!"

"I am convinced of it," replied Emma thoughtfully. "Do you remember the incident related by the missionaries last Sunday, how in the early days at Nauvoo when many of the saints were stricken with malaria, Joseph Smith went among them healing the sick? Even Brother Elijah Fordham, who was thought to be breathing his last, was raised from his bed and immediately made whole."

"Yes," added Permelia, "and then Wilford Woodruff healed two children who were non-members by merely wiping their faces with the silk handkerchief of the Prophet. Truly this must be the Lord's work, for Jesus said, 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you.' "

The morrow dawned clear and bright. As the two girls dressed and ate their breakfast, they were thrilled with anticipation of the coming event. At ten o'clock a little group of perhaps twenty converts and friends assembled at the appointed place on the Woodward farm.

The dam which had been built across the brook the previous day had backed the water up into a fair-sized pond, perhaps three feet deep, which was now covered by a thin coating of ice. After a brief service on the bank, the officiating elder

waded into the pond, broke up the ice, and threw it out on the bank.

When Permelia's name was called, she hobbled over to the edge of the pond, handed her crutches to Emma, and was carried down into the water in the strong arms of the officiating elder. The sudden shock of the icy water made her gasp. She stifled the impulse to scream, and in a few seconds began to feel warmer.

The officiating elder raised his right arm and uttered a short, simple prayer. Then she felt herself tipped swiftly backward. As the icy waters closed over her head, she thought of that event 1800 years before when Jesus of Nazareth set the example by being baptized of John in the River Jordan.

As Permelia Drury came up out of the water, she no longer felt the cold, and a strange sense of power surged through her body. Brushing aside the friendly arms extended to assist her, she walked out upon the bank unaided, exclaiming as she did so, "Oh, Emma, I can walk! I can walk!"

There was great rejoicing among the little group of converts over the miracle which they had witnessed. The incident created a sensation in the community. Pressed for an explanation, the doctors attributed the healing to the shock of the icy water, and when asked why they did not apply the same treatment, merely shrugged and said they were afraid it might prove fatal.

In the following years, Permelia Drury married Laban Morrill, migrated to Utah with a pioneer company, and raised a family of nine children, but never again resorted to her crutches.

Forward, Without Fear

(*Continued from page 577*)

jail. Kill all of us, but you won't stop us. Do you hear me? We are going on and nothing will stop us." The men, with his father between them, hurried away, then he turned to Ann Kristin. "As for you, I'll get even with you if it takes the rest of my life."

"Phew!" Patty Lou whistled. "We sure are fanning us up a breeze." Then unexpectedly, she dropped to the ground and burst into wild sobbing. "Everybody's gone. Papa's gone, and Jake and now *him*."

As if her sobs were a signal, the storm that had been threatening burst upon them. Lightning cut the deepening gloom. Sudden violent rain pelted them, carrying a chilling omen of what was to come. Ann Kristin's throbbing arm was forgotten in the deeper throbbing of pain in her heart. Was there no peace anywhere?

(*To be continued*)

Let Us Take The Time

Margaret E. Maslin

ONE morning, a friend whom I seldom see, due to our heavy family cares and the distance between our homes, walked in my door with her two youngest children.

What a pleasure it was to see her, yet I couldn't repress a sigh of weariness, thinking of the day's work piled up, a child just over the measles, and another fretful with fever. Much as I would enjoy a whole day's visit, the shirked work would be almost more than I could manage before suppertime, weakened as I was from a month's illness and from nursing my sick husband and four children, with the worry and prospective tasks incident to nursing another very sick baby.

But my friend soon cheered me as I strove to make her comfortable. "I haven't come to sit and talk, but to *work*," she exclaimed vigorously, as she took out an apron from her bag and tied it on. So, while I cared for my sick baby, with the other children playing happily in the kitchen, this good friend eased my load, ironing, sewing, and doing dishes, while we snatched all-too-brief moments to talk.

She is a Relief Society counselor, a devoted wife, and the mother of two children. She mothers two others, and often opens her home to expectant mothers who have need of the sweet care she can give. She takes time to do all that and to go out of her way to help not only her friends, but strangers as well.

How many of us can say we follow such an example of the true spirit of the Relief Society sister?

Isn't it too true that most of us say, "when I have time"? How often do we deliberately "take time," or "go out of our way," to do kind helpful things? Truly we mean to, we "just are too rushed" to stop a moment and think of something we can do for another when we go to town, to the store, or to visit. Time won't wait for us and we may, in the end, find regrets that will take more toll of our time and strength than the little things we could have done.

A woman I know, in good health, widowed, whose children are grown up and gone, goes from house to house bemoaning her lonely existence: "No one needs me, I wish I could help someone and be wanted." She sees mothers overburdened by illness and cares while she sits and talks and talks and talks, criticizing their methods, "Now, when I was nursing my baby, etc., etc." She goes over the past, with never a thought for the problems of the present in which she plays no part, except for speaking of her lack of friends, of not being wanted, nor needed. Never does she lift a finger to prove her reiterated desire to help. If she is pinned down to proving her sincerity, she has an errand suddenly remembered, or the mending "isn't worth doing, throw it away." She is pathetic, yes, but profits neither herself nor those she visits, and there are others like her, though

(*Continued on page 608*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Regulations governing the submittal of materials for "Notes From the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for February 1944, page 104.

RELIEF SOCIETY WAR AND WELFARE SERVICES IN MISSIONS

IN the August issue of the *Magazine* reports of war and welfare services by Relief Societies in various stakes were presented. In this issue similar reports from missions are featured. These "Notes from the Field" for both August, and October and the two following issues in which war and welfare reports will be continued are to be considered as supplementary and high-lighting the summary of these services for the organization as a whole, which appeared in the annual report for 1943 in the July issue of the *Magazine*.

Argentine Mission

KATE M. BARKER, recently released president of the Argentine Mission Relief Society, reported in a letter dated May 1, 1944: "Last year the Relief Societies had a project for increasing their funds. They knit sweaters for the Swiss Government for their soldiers and received four pesos ($1) for each pullover. The Swiss Government furnished the yarn. They are continuing this year. Some of the Societies, with the money earned, paid the tuition for young girls who had to work to take courses in sewing.

"At the time of the San Juan earthquake they certainly responded wonderfully—contributing forty-two articles of clothing, mostly dresses they had made or remodeled."

South African Mission

JOSEPHINE H. FOLLAND, retiring president of Relief Societies of the South African Mission, wrote February 1, 1944: "We feel we have had a very successful year, both spiritually and financially. With respect to financial matters, it has been our most successful year. In spite of all the war efforts that, of course, are continually going on, we were able to raise here in our Mowbray Branch over $400 at our annual bazaar; and most of the other Societies have a substantial balance on hand to work with during the coming year and for any emergencies that may arise.

"Almost all our members have actively participated in some war services along with Relief Society work, such as Red Cross canteen and auxiliary work, and as blood donors, etc. We have one good sister, Charlotte M. Hancock, who is unable to attend regular Relief Society meetings as there is no organization in the Durban Branch, but she has com-

pleted 129 articles for Red Cross (including pajamas, hospital gowns, vests, shirts, etc.) and also she has made seventy-five visits in giving compassionate service to the sick, homebound, and bereaved.

"Here in Cape Town we are fortunate to have an American Service Club and, up until a few months ago, we have had a number of Americans stop here, a few Mormon boys among them. Needless to say we were overjoyed in seeing them and entertaining them at the mission home. I have been given the job of secretary of the Club and also have charge of it one day a week along with my two eldest daughters who help out as hostesses in the Club.

"As manpower in some of the branches is scarce, especially here in Cape Town, the Relief Society sisters have had additional duties and privileges such as speaking in Sunday evening services and representing the branch, as well as the Relief Society, in their visiting teaching.

"I have had the privilege of visiting the six other branches of the mission where there are organized Relief Societies, and they all express their appreciation for Relief Society work and also the wonderful lessons and articles in the *Magazine*. We have fifty-five subscriptions to the *Magazine* with all the new officers for the coming year as subscribers, and two of the branches, Pretoria and Springs, have 100 per cent as subscribers.

"As our mission is scattered and we have to travel over such long distances between places, it is somewhat difficult today to visit the branches. Our trains are overcrowded and of course we cannot use the car as we did formerly. We therefore have to contact many members by correspondence only. But we have been greatly blessed in that the members have learned to stand on their own feet more, and the majority have remained true and faithful."

Two of the charming dresses made from unbleached sacks by Relief Society women in the Southern States Mission. The dress at top has a pink yoke and pink embroidered flower. Scraps of bright printed material and appliqued strawberries add interest and beauty to the other dress.

Southern States Mission

EFFIE MEEKS, president of Relief Societies in the Southern States Mission, is encouraging handwork and developing artistic skills among the women of this mission. Working on the theory that something can be made out of nothing, she is fostering characteristic Latter-day Saint thrift by utilizing materials at hand, including leftovers. The accompanying pictures illustrate a few of the lovely results. Sister

Expertly made, delicately treated shellcraft made by Relief Societies in the Southern States Mission. The four brooches at top, bottom, and sides are all of different design, the top one with matching earrings. The necklace, center, is shown with one of its matching earrings.

Meeks writes as follows of the handicraft projects among the Relief Societies of this mission:

"These children's dresses, made of flour and sugar bags, are beautiful in their simplicity. They afford an opportunity for children, in families of limited means, to have dresses which are pretty and at the same time practical. The sisters of the Relief Society are taught to properly combine colors, so that with these bags or scraps, which would otherwise be destroyed, and a little shadow embroidery or appliqued flowers, clothes for their children can be made which will put them in the better-dressed class.

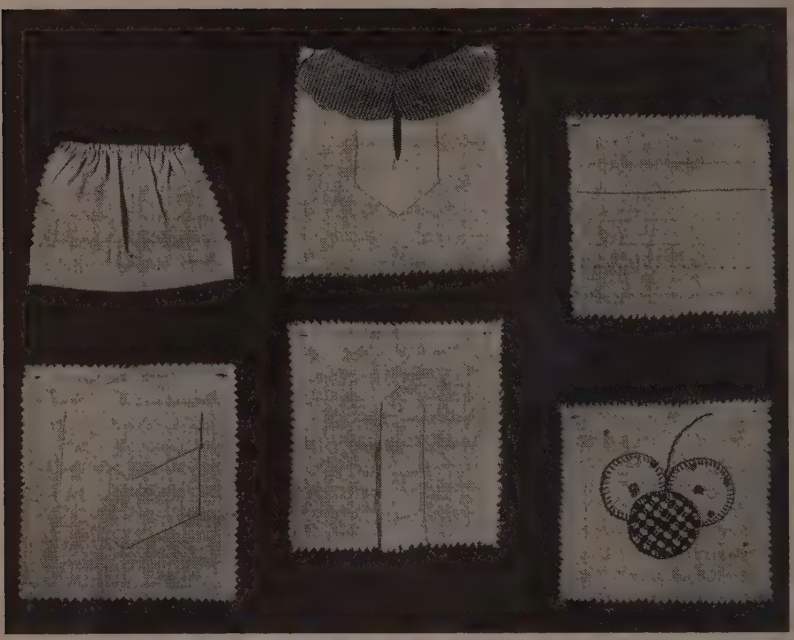
"It is our duty, as Latter-day Saints, to be thrifty. We should also try to bring out our creative abilities which sometimes are hidden, and this is an excellent way in which to do both. In addition to the many other things which make it a worthwhile project, it teaches children the appreciation of lovelier things and shows to the world that we can dress our children well and still be thrifty.

"Another project of the mission Relief Societies which speaks of creative and artistic ability is that of shell craft. Out of seashells, which are very plentiful here in the South, beautiful costume jewelry and household articles, such as lamps and plaques, are being designed. This is indeed a fascinating work and it has proved to be a good hobby for convalescents. It teaches the ability to create with one's hands and also instills a desire for the finer things. It is being used successfully to create interest among the women when there is a tendency to grow tired of the same routine of making quilts and clothing.

"This shell craft possesses, in addition to its beauty, a commercial value. An easy market is found for it in the tourist trade which, in peace time, flocks to the Southland, and it can also be sold at Relief Society bazaars. It is something which the women of the South delight in making, for it is typical of the many things which can be made here in the South, if we but try to develop our resources.

"Inasmuch as we have had our first conference in the Georgia District for lining up our fall work, I am enthused to the point that I should like to tell you about it. For our union meeting, I made assignments a few weeks ahead to the district president to have each one of the branches in the district give a demonstration of how this next winter's work was to be carried on. We had some very outstanding demonstrations from these little branches. The Atlanta Branch demonstrated how an ideal Relief Society should be conducted, the Columbus Branch presented the theology lesson, the song practice was conducted by the Augusta Branch, and the Macon Branch demonstrated the work day. I am sure each branch gained something from the others.

"The Macon Branch gave such a good demonstration of the work day that I am sending you the samples they used. [See illustration.] They have a number of single girls and very young women belonging to the Relief Society, and they are teaching the very first steps in sewing. Some of these women are servicemen's wives. All of these samples were done by hand because not many of them have sewing machines. Sister



A few pages from the loose leaf set of sewing samples used in the work meeting demonstration by the Macon Branch Relief Society, Georgia District, Southern States Mission. Other samples show various basting and hand-sewing stitches, bias binding on both straight edges and corners, facings, plain and rolled hems, seam finishes, bound buttonholes, inset and patch pockets, plackets, bands with mitred corners, hemstitching, and simple embroidery stitches.

Florence Powell has spent much time in making up samples for the guidance and help of our women in learning to sew well, and she did not forget the economical side of conserving on thread in her training with hand stitches; for example, in the cross-stitched square, all thread is on top."

British Mission

ELDER HUGH B. BROWN, recently appointed president of the British Mission, wrote soon after his arrival in England of a mission-wide Relief Society convention held June 17 and 18, 1944, and of the bravery and devotion of these women who live in the war zone. His letter follows:

RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN IN THE WAR ZONE

"RELIEF Society sisters from all parts of the British Mission assembled in a mission-wide convention at Birmingham, June 17 and 18. There were representatives present from all the districts and most of the branches, in spite of restrictions

on travel and the difficulties and inconveniences incidental thereto.

"Sister Marie W. Anastasiou, president of the Relief Society of the mission, presided, and her counselors, Sister Nellie Poole and Sister Maud Hawkes, took charge of some of the meetings during the proceedings.

"Upon walking into the banquet hall on Saturday evening, one felt at once to say, 'This does not look like there is a war on!' for although Britain is rigidly rationed and although each family gets coupons for only sufficient for their actual needs, still these frugal sisters of the Relief Society had saved enough by a family rationing system within the national system to enable them to spread before the large numbers who were assembled a very palatable and refreshing meal and, in addition, to serve all the officers and teachers on the following day.

"The theme of the conference was 'The Glory of God Is Intelligence,' and some very inspiring addresses were given followed by general discussion.

"During the closing session Sister Anastasiou and her board were released with a hearty vote of thanks for their capable leadership during more than four years of strenuous activity.

"Sister Florence B. Dunn was sustained as president of the Relief Society of the British Mission, and she selected Sister Nellie Poole and Sister Maud Hawkes as her two counselors. Sister Dora Smith of the London office staff was sustained as secretary. Sister Dunn has moved to the mission office in London where her husband, Norman Dunn, is acting as mission secretary and she will serve as mission mother as well as Relief Society president.

"When one meets with and talks to these brave British mothers, he discovers the source of stamina, fortitude, and courage which has characterized the British people during the years of this searching test.

"We read daily in the press and hear hourly on the radio of the deeds of valor of our brave men in the fighting forces. Many do not realize, however, that there are hundreds of Relief Society women in the war zone who have been exposed to dangers, trials and hardships, comparable to that which our men undergo in the battle field. These brave women have carried on in the face of almost insuperable difficulties. They form an army which gives an index to the character of the British people. A strange army it is, made up of grandmothers, mothers with children in their arms, spinsters, and little girls, not in uniform but in all the various colors and fashions worn by the members of various classes of society. Working in the home, in the garden, in the factories, in the Church, smiling through difficulties, seeking shelter when necessary, emerging when the 'all clear' sounds to take up their tasks where they left them, and always with a simple faith and trust in God which is the envy of many stout-hearted men.

"To kneel in prayer with these women and to hear them thank God for their simple blessings, for the preservation of their lives and the lives of their loved ones, and for their scanty provisions and their windowless homes is at once an inspiration and a reproof to many of us whose material blessings far ex-

ceed any enjoyed here, but who frequently complain at being deprived of a few luxuries.

"While the spirit which I saw in the Relief Society convention continues, democracy and the spirit of the gospel of Christ will live and flourish, and victory for the ideals for which the Church stands will never be in doubt."

WHERE BRAVE MEN KNEEL

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

There are no atheists where brave men kneel
In foxholes or behind low dunes of sand;
No anti-Christs, where lonely hunters steal
Through fetid jungles, pointed knife in hand.
When strong men find their lives are caught between
Two enemies, the sea and men at war,
They reach for greater strength on which to lean
And feel a Presence never felt before.
And they who cleave the dark on lifted wing,
Whose homing hour can never be foreknown,
Can hear a Voice above the thundering,
And through their loneliness are not alone.
So near are they to God, they surmount death,
Aware of life, not limited by breath.

Laundering

Claire P. Dorius

A survey of home laundry methods by the State of Washington says, "Tuesday is recommended for wash day since maximum production is attained on that day, and since laundering is recognized as a heavy household task." Some homemakers prefer to wash often by dividing the clothes logically—bath towels and bed clothes, one day; dish towels and table linen and clothing another; fussier things a day to themselves. Others prefer to wash all the clothes in one day. The amount of hot water available is a determining factor.

Hard water presents a problem because of the sticky curd that forms and clings to the clothes. The degree of hardness in the water will determine the amount of softener to use. Trisodium phosphate is gaining in popularity, and is splendid to use for cleaning purposes as well as laundering. Do not use too much. It can be purchased by the pound at almost any paint store. It is important that the softener be added and dissolved before soap or clothes are put in. Most washing machines hold from twelve to sixteen gallons of water. Experts tell us that a sufficient amount of soap will make a suds two to three inches deep on the top of the water. Do not overload the washer—six to eight pounds are considered a good average load. It is always safer to remove stubborn spots and stains before washing. Rips and tears are more quickly mended before going into the washer. Remember that "a stitch in time saves nine."

Soaking in warm softened water, to which enough soap has been added to make a light suds, helps to remove stains and loosens the soil, saves time, and lessens wear. Do not soak colored clothes unless colors are known to be fast, and then not over twenty minutes.

To Wash

For white clothes use water so hot the hand cannot be held in it. For colored clothes use water comfortably warm to the touch.

Do not wash too long. Over washing may redistribute the dirt in the clothes and make them gray.

Rinsing

Rinse clothes thoroughly in plenty of clear, hot, soft water. Soft water in the rinse is more important than in the wash. Follow the hot rinse with a lukewarm rinse. The warm rinse may be followed by a cold rinse with or without bluing. Bluing clothes is optional. It makes white clothes which have become yellowed, whiter. Great care must be used in the use of bluing to prevent streaks. Line the clothes basket with oilcloth or a muslin cover. The ink from newspapers is apt to soil the clothes.

Bleaches

It has been found that bleaches play two important roles in laundering—they keep white cottons and linens from becoming dull and gray, and they remove many stains. Contrary to a general belief, they keep colored cottons and linens clear and bright, provided, of course, the colors

are resistant to soap and water. The improper use of bleach has lead to the belief that it "eats the clothes." Good Housekeeping Institute recommends that it be added to the washing suds rather than to the rinsing water, and measured accurately 1 tablespoon to each gallon of water. Rinse until all odor is removed. Another laboratory recommends that if clothes have already been grayed by the use of hard water and insufficient soap, they may be brought back to their original whiteness as follows: Add 3 cupfuls cheap white vinegar to a tubful of water. Soak the garments in this water until the soap curds have been completely softened.

Washing Rayons

When the tag says "washable," that means a "go-ahead" signal to wash the garment when it is soiled. It will not need much special pampering. Better results have been obtained when rayons have been washed in lukewarm water. Do not soak rayons before washing. When you wash your rayons by hand, make a rich suds and squeeze the dress in it until it is clean. Squeeze out as much water as possible, then roll the garment in a clean bath towel and press out the excess moisture. When rayons are washed in the machine, the washing time must be short, three to four minutes and two minutes to each rinse. Rayons should never be allowed to dry completely before ironing. Many rayons such as spun rayon, rayon sheers, and linen—like weaves and jerseys—iron best when they are almost dry. However dresses made entirely of acetate rayon need to be quite wet when ironed. Never use a hot iron. Rayon is not an elastic fiber.

Hanging Clothes on the Line

Hang clothes on the straight of the goods by their bands, if possible, on a clean line with clean pins. Stretch smooth and pin securely in three or four places. When dry, remove clothes from the line in a systematic way. Fold the straight pieces before placing in the basket to avoid wrinkles and to save time later. *Avoid unnecessary bending when hanging clothes.* Don't stoop every time you pick up a garment from a basket. Put your clothes basket on a bench or stool, or better yet, use a child's wagon which can be pulled to where you need it. If possible hang clothes outdoors—the white and light colored pieces in the sunlight, and the colored pieces in the shade.

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America's Housekeeping Book, Chapter 21, p. 261.

CLOUD SHADOWS

Thelma Ireland

Giant shadows on the desert,
Silhouettes in black and brown,
Clouds that float upon the earth floor,
Has the world turned upside down?

Theology

Church History

Lesson 4—The Church of Jesus Christ Organized

Dr. H. Wayne Driggs

For Tuesday, January 2, 1945

Objective: To study the simple and direct way in which the Church organization was effected to keep alive the gospel truths.

"FOR where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. 18:20). So spake the Christ to his disciples in the days of his ministry, and so in spirit began, and has continued, the organization of his Church in this day of the fullness of times. "Fear not, little flock; do good; let earth and hell combine against you, for if ye are built upon my rock, they cannot prevail" (Doc. and Cov. 6:34). These were his words to the few servants he had singled out from the world in the years prior to the 6th of April, 1830, the date on which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized.

But what of the rock against which earth and hell could not prevail? The answer to this question is to be found in the experiences that touched the hearts of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery; of Martin Harris and David Whitmer; yes, and of the others who came to know the power of godliness in the beginning years of the "marvelous work." These men had witnessed heavenly manifestations of such a personal nature that, should any disbelief occur, those who remained firm, even to the last one, still could have an individual testimony of what had been seen and heard. God knew the strength of his Church must rest upon a personal knowledge of the truth within each soul who came to make up the company of members in his kingdom.

With the return of the Priesthood of God to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery came the gift of the Holy Ghost to bear witness to the truth of this latter-day work. A witness which could be stronger even than that gained through the personal visitation of heavenly beings. Thus all men who sought God earnestly

could find again on earth the authority to bestow the gift of the Holy Ghost, a gift which could plant in every human heart a personal testimony that God lives and that his kingdom is again upon the earth. So from one, then two, then three, then six, then nine,[1] then a hundred, a thousand, two thousand, on and on would the Church membership increase with men and women who had come to know personally that inner light of the gospel. God would build his Church upon the rock of revelation, personal and prophetic.

In the month of April and in the year of 1830, the following revelation came through Joseph the Prophet:

> The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeable to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April—Which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, Jun., who was called of God, and ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first elder of this church; And to Oliver Cowdery, who was also called of God, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the second elder of this church, and ordained under his hand; And this according to the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom be all glory, both now and forever. Amen" (Doc. and Cov. 20:1-4).

Here was the will of the Lord concerning the establishment of his Church which, ten years before on the spring morning in the grove, he had promised to the youth, Joseph Smith. Now, faithful to his word, the year, the month, even the day for its organization was given.

On the sixth day of April in 1830, it being a Tuesday, there gathered those few souls who had believed the words of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and had by them been baptized for the remission of their sins. The place of their gathering was at the house of Peter Whitmer. Some distance back from the country road, planted among the rolling fields and sheltered by spreading trees, stood this typical upstate New York home. There the "little flock" assembled to shake hands, rejoice, and await the will of God which they knew would come through his first two elders.

But more was in readiness for those who made up this first historic gathering than they knew. Joseph and Oliver, they were to discover, in turn would also wait. The Church was to be founded upon the law of common consent. This meant that the body of the Church membership was to have the right of sanctioning by vote the appointment of Joseph and Oliver in the office of presiding elders (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 26:2; 28:13). God had given man his free agency. Even authorized servants of his mind and will could be accepted or rejected by the membership of his Church. Obedience must come voluntarily. This helped to make more clear the reason why his Church was to be founded upon the rock of revelation. As long as a majority of his followers were living in tune with the promptings of the Holy Spirit they could know of the faith and integrity of those whom God had called to lead them. A willing and joyful accept-

1/See Documentary History of the Church, Vol. I, pp. 76-77.

ance of the proper names to be voted upon was therefore assured. What a happy state of government this, for both those who lead and those who follow! It inspires trust and confidence and frees the will of all, both high and low, to work in peace and harmony for the upbuilding of the kingdom.

In addition to having the leaders as well as the lay members of the Church in perfect accord, the Lord had specified that his organization should also be "agreeable to the laws of our country." Since the Church was to be organized in Fayette, Seneca County, of the State of New York, it would be necessary to effect its organization by having six members officially named and so recorded by law.

Today in the New York Stake of Zion the organized wards of the Church still must comply with this law in order to meet. Six duly elected members, therefore, of any ward must so present their names to the State as the minimum number to be considered an organized group. The tenure of office for any member so elected is three years. In order to have a continuing organization of six, the terms of office for any two members expire on different years. It becomes necessary, then, at each annual ward conference to re-elect by vote two members of the original six, or two entirely new members. Thus, according to the present practice, the names of the bishop, his two counselors, the ward clerk, and two other members of the ward the bishop nominates are officially elected by the ward, and their names recorded for the books of public record of the State of New York. This election, necessary for the continuance of the legal right of the ward to meet, always follows the familiar pattern so well understood in the Church today of sustaining, by a show of hands, the ward officers and teachers.

Since these experiences have become familiar to Latter-day Saints now residing in the Empire State, for them to read that the Church was organized with six members, adds a deeper significance to that Tuesday on the 6th day of April, 1830. And so should one consult the books of public record long since filed away in the archives of New York State for that day, one would find the following names: Joseph Smith, Jun., Oliver Cowdery, Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Jun., Samuel H. Smith, and David Whitmer. We will leave it to the reader to decide why these names, with the exception of the first two elders, Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery —whom God had set at the head— should have been selected from among the baptized members there assembled to comply with the command of God that his Church should be organized. Whatever answers are given to this question are of no great moment other than that of personal longing to know exactly what were the happy details that went to make up this historic day. Perhaps the esteem and love of this group for the young men of the Smith family, plus the hospitality of the Whitmers, had something to do with it.

When all was in readiness, Joseph Smith opened the meeting with prayer and then in direct and simple speech asked all of those present if they were willing to accept him and Oliver as the leaders and teachers in

the kingdom of God; further, were those present willing to become organized as a church? As with one response all agreed, whereupon Joseph laid his hands on Oliver and ordained him an elder in the Church of Christ, after which Joseph received the same ordination and office under the hands of Oliver. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, and then followed the confirmation of the baptized members of the Church who also were made recipients of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands, Joseph and Oliver officiating. The Spirit was richly abundant, all rejoiced and praised God, many prophesied.

Thus in simplicity and by the law of common consent was founded the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Thus arose, as a system, what the world terms Mormonism,—universally regarded as the most remarkable religious movement of modern times; detested and denounced through Christendom as a dangerous and soul-destroying imposture, but revered and defended by its disciples as the wonderful work of the Almighty, the veritable "marvelous work and wonder" foretold by Isaiah and other ancient seers, which was to prepare the world, by the preaching of a restored gospel and the founding of a latter-day Zion for Messiah's second coming and the advent of the Millennium (Whitney, *History of Utah*, Vol. 1, p. 59).

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said the Savior.

Suggestions for Active Reading and Discussion

With the help of the suggestive readings given below have the class carry on the discussion as follows: first, answer the question; second, read the assigned part in the Doctrine and Covenants to discover wherein we must "give heed unto his word" which has been written especially for our life in this day.

1. For what do you remember each of the six original members of the Church? (The teacher could list the six names on the board to help start the discussion. Follow whatever comes from this activity and response with the suggested readings presently given.) Hyrum Smith, Peter Whitmer, Junior, Samuel H. Smith and David Whitmer, four of the original six first members of the Church, early sought the will of the Lord, through the Prophet Joseph, concerning his wishes toward them. The Lord said to Peter Whitmer, "Behold, blessed are you for this thing" (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 16:5). Among other reasons which may come to mind as to why these men were chosen to become the four of the first six members, certainly, should be listed their humility and desire to know the will of the Lord. For a closer picture of these men have the following Sections in the Doc. and Cov. read: 11; 14; 16; 23; 24. What personal words of comfort and warning do you find in these Sections which bear specifically on the life of each man? The Doctrine and Covenants Commentary has rich historical notes for these Sections.

2. Several revelations of the Prophet Joseph were received in the presence of his brethren. How do you think they knew when he spoke in the name of the Lord? The 21st Section of the Doctrine and Covenants was given during the meeting called for the organization of the Church. Have this read. What lessons today could the saints take from this revelation?

The next question may be used if needed for further class activity or it may be assigned for home study.

Section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants, a revelation on Church government given in April 1830, can be most enlightening to one wishing to read, in direct form, the operation of Church government set up to administer the gospel plan. Think as you read it of your experiences of worship as a member of the Church.

Visiting Teachers' Messages

Sources of Strength—The Beatitudes

Lesson 4—Blessed Are They Which Do Hunger and Thirst After Righteousness

Elder Bryant S. Hinckley

For Tuesday, January 2, 1945

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled (Matt. 5:9).

Objective: To show that the hunger and thirst for righteousness is the source of intellectual and spiritual growth.

"MAN shall not live by bread alone," is the divine mandate. But man must have bread; he cannot live without it. The man who has lost all appetite for his daily bread is to be pitied. But how infinitely greater is the tragedy when all desire for the bread of life is lost.

This higher hunger, the hunger for righteousness, is the mark of man's superiority; the secret of his progress; the source of his growth intellectually and spiritually. Those who hunger for knowledge and thirst for the truth have been the great teachers and leaders of the race.

The Savior in speaking to the Nephites gave this Beatitude a definite meaning. Third Nephi 12:6 states: "And blessed are all they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled with the Holy Ghost." This is a clear and definite promise. What does it mean to be filled with the Holy Ghost? The scriptures make clear the mission of the Holy Ghost: It is to guide you into all truth; to bring to your remembrance things of the past and to make known to you things to come. Speaking of the Holy Ghost which is promised to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," the Savior said: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. . . . But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John 14:16-17, 26).

"But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me:" (John 15:26)

The power of the Holy Ghost makes men greater, increases their wisdom, enlightens their minds, gives them faith, hope, charity and the impelling power of a strong conviction. This is the peculiar and precious gift which the gospel offers to all who will obey its precepts and conform to its teachings, to all "who hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Literature

New Testament

Lesson 4—Wisdom Literature of the New Testament

Dr. Howard R. Driggs

For Tuesday, January 16, 1945

SAYINGS of our Savior are gems of radiant truth. For simplicity, clarity, and strength, for depth of wisdom, they are unsurpassed in all literature. Added to this, many of these sayings, by their natural music and imagery, rise to the rarest in poetic expression.

Where, for example, outside of the New Testament, can one find truth expressed more effectively, more artistically than in these typical sayings of the Master?

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest (Matt. 11:28).

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these (Matt. 6:28-29).

Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God (Mark 10:14).

Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole (Mark 10:52).

Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head (Luke 9:58).

Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do (Luke 23:34).

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3:16).

Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more (John 8:11).

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life (John 8:12).

It is small wonder that with inspired words such as these coming from Jesus, listeners should say, "Never man spake like this man" (John 7:46); or that learned critics of his day should question, "How

knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" (John 7:15).

Nor should we marvel that, with deference to the Father who had sent him as "a light to the world," the Savior would say with divine assurance, "my words shall not pass away" (Mark 13:31).

Truly, no words have been more remembered and treasured. Nor have the sayings of any other man been a more lasting influence for good.

These precious sayings, carried in the hearts of those who heard them, recorded by the apostles Matthew and John, and later by Mark and Luke, are an unsurpassed heritage of spiritual literature.

In his appraisal of the Master, Dr. Dinsmore says:

> We think of Jesus as teacher, example, redeemer, but we are not accustomed to consider his marvelous power of literary expression. . . . In him all fullness dwelt—fullness of the prophetic spirit, fullness of wisdom, fullness of poetic utterance. . . .
>
> Socrates in his last hours reasoned about immortality; Jesus pursued no argument; he simply said, "In my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you." His sentences inevitably fall into the natural cadence of deep emotion. He spoke in metaphors and reasoned in parables.

Beyond all this, as every true believer in Christ has felt, there is the touch of divinity in his words that illuminates the mind and quickens the soul. They inspire one to deeds of righteousness. The Savior knew and constantly acknowledged the source of the power that enabled him "to speak with authority and not as the scribes." He could say humbly, yet with certainty, "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John 6:63).

No pretense to oratory can be discerned in the messages of the Master. They fell from his lips naturally; yet how directly they went to the mark. Nor did Jesus ever pose as a preacher. Rather he was a great teacher, living the truth he portrayed with words of clarity and power.

He taught individuals rather than classes or congregations. True, folk flocked about him, sometimes in multitudes; yet even in the midst of the throng, he was dealing with individual needs. A blind man is restored to sight; a child is lifted up and blessed; a woman touches the hem of his garment and he turns to say, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole" (Mark 5:34). It was ever a specific message that he gave. Its application was concrete and definite; yet it went to the hearts of all.

These vital lessons of life sprang naturally out of human situations and human needs. His illustrations, likewise, were drawn from everyday experiences. When Simon Peter and Andrew, fishermen of Galilee, were called, it was, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matt. 4:19). When he would impress the vital work of saving those that had gone astray, he spoke of seeking a "lost sheep." When he had asked for a drink from the woman at the well, he impressed a divine lesson with these words, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst" (John 4:14). It is from precious sayings, such as these, taken with their life settings, that the living gospel is portrayed.

In his "Sermon on the Mount,"[1] this message is presented somewhat more fully. Yet this masterful presentation of some of the fundamentals of the gospel was hardly a sermon in the ordinary sense of this term. It does not follow the text and comment construction commonly used by preachers. Rather it is an array of gems of wisdom, filled with divine inspiration, pointing the way of righteousness and encouraging men to follow the path leading to eternal life.

In style the "Sermon on the Mount" is somewhat like the Proverbs. Yet it rises to greater brilliance. The Sermon presents a newer, more deeply spiritual message. Something of ringing challenge for our better selves is in such lines as "Ye are the light of the world. . . . Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven. . . . Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . but lay up for yourself treasures in heaven . . . No man can serve two masters . . . Ye cannot serve God and Mammon"

The Beatitudes, with which the Sermon is opened, are full of solace, are radiant in their gospel light. What words, for example, carry a more healing touch than these: "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted"? What have more uplift than these: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God"; "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God"? What words point the way more plainly towards growth in the gospel than these: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"? (See III Nephi 12:6).

Often the sayings of Jesus become poetic in their cadence and their vivid imagery. Their structure is at times like Hebraic parallel verse; for example:

Behold the fowls of the air:
For they sow not,
Neither do they reap,
Nor gathereth into barns;
Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.
Are ye not much better than they?

* * *

Not every one that saith, "Lord, Lord,"
Shall enter the kingdom of Heaven:
But he that doeth the will of my Father,
Which is in heaven.

* * *

And the rain descended
And the floods came,
And the winds blew and beat upon that house;
And it fell not:
For it was founded upon a rock.

Another excellent example of rhythmically beautiful expression is "The Lord's Prayer." It is this music and beauty of expression, as well as the profound wisdom they carry, that make the sayings of Jesus easy to learn by heart. And this explains, in part, why they have been remembered and treasured through the years.

Discussion and Activities

1. Be ready to answer the roll call of your class by quoting a saying of the Savior you have treasured. It will be well to have two or more in mind so that if the first you have chosen, be given, you will have another one to give.

2. What are some qualities in the say-

[1]All the excerpts given from this point on to the end of the lesson are to be found in Matthew, Chapters 5-7.

ings of Jesus that make them great literature?

3. (a) What besides great literature do these sayings offer to the world? (b) What was the source of their inspiration?

4. Recall some incident in the life of Jesus when one of these remarkable sayings came from the lips of the Master. Tell briefly the story and give the saying inspired by it.

5. (a) Read the "Sermon on the Mount" (Matthew Chapters 5-7). (b) Be ready to quote from it some saying that appeals to you.

6. Find in any of the Gospels some passage containing words of Jesus that are especially poetical. Take any of the following, or another if you may prefer, and prepare to read aloud appreciatively: Matt. 10:28-29; Matt. 10:39-42; Mark 6:3-4; Mark 7:5-6; Luke 10:38-42; Luke 18: 15-17; John 7:16-17; John 10:14-16.

Social Science

Modern Applications of Ethical Principles

Lesson 3—The Road to Righteousness

Dr. Harold T. Christensen

For Tuesday, January 23, 1945

Lesson link: It was shown last time that happiness or satisfaction is the primary purpose of life and that all human endeavor is directed toward its attainment. It was recognized, however, that satisfactions are relative and that many people deprive themselves of the deeper joys by indulging on the lower pleasure levels. In this they are immoral, for the greatest happiness is also the greatest good. Personal achievement, brotherhood, and health were named as the major conditions of a moral and happy life.

Lesson aim: To expand on the idea of happiness through personal achievement and to show, thereby, that the road to righteousness involves intelligent and progressive living.

WHEN Lehi exclaimed "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Nephi 2:25), he spoke not only of the happiness goal in life, but also of the means by which this goal might be reached. It is significant that the purpose of life, joy, is tied up with the fall of Adam; for through the fall man was made to struggle, and by struggle man achieves, and in achievement man is happy. The abundant life of which Christ so often spoke is the joyous life that comes from sacrifice, struggle, and accomplishment.

The Ethics of Progress

All that we are saying here is that happiness and righteousness are contingent upon effort and success. The greatest good and the greatest satisfaction in life come not from indifference, passivity, or laziness; but

from enthusiasm, action, and achievement. Individuals may thrill momentarily by taking the easy way, but it is victory over the hard things of life that brings the more permanent and lofty satisfactions. Morality is active, not passive; and the road to righteousness is paved with resistance and effort, not indulgence and indolence.

This basic truth might be reinforced with the following story and analogy: When the writer was a small child he heard and believed in the statement that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow for him who can reach it. One day, seeing a tiny rainbow in the water-spray on the front lawn, he decided to go after the pot of gold that he knew must be there. But as he pursued it, the rainbow continually shifted to new locations; and he found himself running here and there in what eventually seemed to be a fruitless chase. He gave up in disappointment. But now as he looks back on this experience with a different perspective he is ready to say that he found the gold. He was not deceived, although he didn't quite understand at the time. All *gold* is not tangible. All *gold* cannot be touched and squeezed and molded as that which he expected to find on that day. Just as gold is the standard of monetary value or material wealth, so happiness is the standard of life's endeavor. While he was chasing this little rainbow as a child, he was having the time of his life; it was fun and that was his reward, that was the gold.

And so it is with life; we set our minds on some goal and climb forward; when we reach it our vision only shifts to new unreached heights ahead, and on we go. But as long as we keep climbing, we keep happy. There is a thrill in accomplishment through effort that surges through the souls of men and impels them to greater things.

Another analogy is found in mountain climbing. Those who have climbed realize that the higher up one goes the purer is the air and the broader is one's vision of the landscape below. Climbing is hard work, but the view is a reward well worth it. Life is like a mountain peak. The worthwhile things of life lie up ahead and only struggle can bring us to them. Those who are willing to exert the greater effort reach the greater heights, and because of this their view is more serene and their enjoyment more supreme.

Progression is eternal for those who are willing to keep going, and keep going we must if we are to abide the highest righteousness and realize the greatest joy. Dissipation in the frivolities of the day may be fun for awhile, but eventually it will be disappointing, for it can never lead to the joyful heights above. Struggle is the law of growth, and growth or progression is the very framework of mortality and happiness. When Adam was told that he and his descendants must earn their living through work and sweat, he received a blessing in disguise, for it is only through sweat and effort that man can achieve and grow. Since some of the greatest joy comes from personal progress, so some of the deepest misery comes from the realization of what might-have-been. The moral life is dynamic and progressive. To stand still or slip backward when progress is possible is im-

moral because it defeats the higher purposes of life. The greater morality is bred from strength not weakness, from victory over difficulties, from faith, and courage, and struggle.

By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them

There are three levels of human expressions: (1) the covert or mental; (2) the verbal or communicative; and (3) the overt or outward performance. Progressive living implies activity on all three levels, and it especially requires that the mental and verbal activities carry through and bear fruit in terms of actual performance.

First of all, if we are interested in personal progress, we must learn to think and to think deeply and straight.[1] There are perhaps millions in the world today who are willing to think scarcely at all; they simply accept and let it go at that. This inactivity of individuality is one of the most serious moral problems of our age, for it smothers initiative and stifles progress. Mental unemployment is probably an even greater drawback to civilization than is economic unemployment, for when the mind remains inactive, personality shrivels—losing thereby its ability to progress and its capacity to enjoy. Other millions think, but allow their thinking to be guided by their desires or emotions alone. This wishful or *fantasy thinking*, as it is called, leads to fallacious conclusions and wasted or immoral effort. The head should rule the heart when it comes to the serious decisions of life. One of the crying needs of our day is for the development of active and analytical thinking on the part of the masses.

But, even if a person thinks and thinks straight, he has accomplished little if that is where he stops. Unless good thinking is transformed into good speaking and good living, it will have been largely wasted effort.

Frequently, too, an individual will express his thoughts or intentions on the verbal plane and then stop without any attempt to carry them out. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the thief of progression and happiness as well. And laziness is even more immoral than procrastination for, where the one means only delay, the other means never. This tendency to vocalize or verbalize that which sounds good or that which will get one by, with little intention of carrying it out, is a distortion and a perversion of the ethical life.

As Christ said, it is "By their fruits ye shall know them." Thought is the first step in progress, but thought alone is fruitless. Verbal expressions where backed by straight thinking are steps in progress, but unless carried into the field of overt action even they become meaningless. The good life is the life of good thought, good speech, and, above all, good performance.

Obedience Plus

Righteousness implies obedience to right principles. But this does

1/ If the class leader and others who read these lessons are interested in exploring farther the processes of straight and crooked thinking they will find the following books very helpful: Edwin L. Clarke, *The Art of Straight Thinking*; and Henry B. Smith, *How the Mind Falls Into Error.*

not mean that a mechanical conformity to detailed rules or commands will lead to the greatest righteousness. As a matter of fact, morality is anything but mechanical, and one of the principles to be obeyed is the principle of growth through original creative expression. Note this:

> For behold, it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward.
>
> Verily I say, men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness;
>
> For the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward.
>
> But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned (Doc. and Cov., Sec. 58:26-29).

Righteousness is more than conformity; it is a vitality that springs from the core of the soul. The good life is more than personal mannerisms acquired through obedience to prescribed patterns; it is that and something more. It is to reach beyond mere obedience; it is a plea for obedience plus.

Lucifer's plan presented to the council in heaven in the pre-existent sphere would have abolished free agency and forced all to conform to or obey a set procedure. But Lucifer's plan was not accepted and man was made a moral agent responsible for his own acts. Because of this, obedience to a principle is better than obedience to a person; and reasoned obedience leading to original effort beyond bare requirements is more important than insipid conformity to the mechanics of moral codes.

"The glory of God is intelligence." If this inspiring slogan of the saints is to be anything more than a pleasing verbalism, it must stimulate original and creative thinking and living. A certain amount of questioning and doubting is necessary in the development of our mental powers, and parents and teachers will do well to understand this in dealing with youth. But this need not mean a loss of faith, especially where the analytical thought processes spring from a basic belief and the desire to understand. It may even mean the building of a deeper and stronger faith; one that is intelligent rather than gullible. Understanding is at the heart of intelligent living, and prayerful but active thinking is back of all understanding.

Conformity alone is negative and passive, but righteousness goes farther than this; it is positive and active. When a person thinks he is good just because he conforms, one is tempted to ask, "good for what?" Goodness is more than just going through the motions. It is a surging power within that finds expression in creative endeavor. The morality of too many today is sterile because it lacks vision, superficial because it lacks energy. There are too many today who are content to remain on the fringe of righteousness, satisfied with the shell when they could and should have the core.

Horizons Beyond

So the road to righteousness is upward and ahead. There are easier roads to travel, but none that will bring the same satisfaction through

accomplishment. Righteousness involves a search which is more than a belief, effort which is more than defense of status quo, initiative which is more than obedience. Belief, defense, and obedience we must have, but the great challenges and opportunities of life lie beyond all of this and supreme joy awaits those who are willing to climb. Little thrills come to those who reach the lower heights, but there are always new horizons beyond, beckoning to those who want the bigger thrills. And he who climbs the best and the farthest is the most righteous because of it.

The creative urge in man awaits expression, but sometimes unfortunately it becomes smothered through ignorance, laziness, or fear. There is a dignity about personality and individuality that defies the straightjacket of rigid standardization or regimentation through conformity alone. The spontaneity of the soul is there to lift men upward if they will but give it a chance. The road to righteousness is the thrilling road of intelligence, industry, and progression.

Problems for Thought and Action

1. How are happiness, righteousness, and personal achievement related to each other? Refer to the quotation from Lehi given in the first paragraph of the lesson and see if you can explain why the fall of Adam and the attainment of joy are referred to in the same septence. Are they related? How? Why is temporary discomfort sometimes necessary to achieve lasting happiness? Why is struggle the law of growth, and growth such an important source of satisfaction? Was the fall of Adam a blessing or a misfortune for mankind? Discuss.
2. Name the three levels of human expression and explain which you think is the most important to righteousness. Why is thought the first step in progressive living? What do the expressions "mental unemployment" and "inactivity of individuality" mean to you? Why do they present a serious problem? What is *fantasy thinking*? Give examples. Why does it hinder progress? Why are intentions alone insufficient for righteousness? In this connection discuss the pros and cons of New Year's resolutions. Discuss procrastination and laziness as obstacles to progress. Would you call them immoral? Why or why not? Why do people profess things they are unable or unwilling to perform? Is it ethical to do this?
3. What do we mean when we say that righteousness is more than conformity? Does "obedience plus" mean disobedience? Why not?
4. In looking ahead to the next lesson think about the problem of free agency and moral responsibility. Assign someone to prepare material on the war in heaven and the doctrine of free agency. Assign another to look up material on predestination and foreordination.

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mate Triumph of Righteousness," 1925 Edition, pp. 172-174; 1941 Edition, pp. 112-113.

Note: See the article "Toward Richer Living" by President Franklin S. Harris on page 550 of this issue of the *Magazine*.

Let Us Take The Time

(*Continued from page* 585)

not quite so selfish, who sit and gossip aimlessly, with never an inspirational utterance to redeem the precious time and strength wasted, never seeming to notice the innumerable ways they could be useful or encouraging in the homes they visit.

One friend wrote me of a dear old lady who would often drop in on her to chat when her youngest child was tiny. This old lady would cast her eyes about, pick up a dish towel and dry dishes, or fold clean clothes, or do whatever else she could casually and unobtrusively find to assist with. "I vowed then that I'd try to be like her when I could get the time," she wrote.

AS Relief Society sisters we have a most wonderful channel through which to serve each other and the stranger at our doors. As visiting teachers, opportunity is ever open to us to learn of the needs, the discouragements, the hopes, and fears of those into whose homes we enter, and though so rushed by our own daily cares, we may yet find time, or take time, to ease the burden of another.

BALLET

Alice Morrey Bailey

Who could say that feet are plodding things
And look at yours? In facile, patterned rhyme
They circle, weave, to make a poem of time,
With fluid ease to skim the polished rings
Of light—to pivot, glide. No fairy wings
Could lift more gracefully. A pantomime
Of silent loveliness—a paradym
Of motion, form—their throbbing message sings.

All anguished feet that wait outside of doors,
Or walk behind a plough—all feet that trudge
A weary homeward way—the aching scores
That tramp a city street; all feet that drudge
In rocks and mud are glorified in yours
Who trace a song across these shining floors.

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